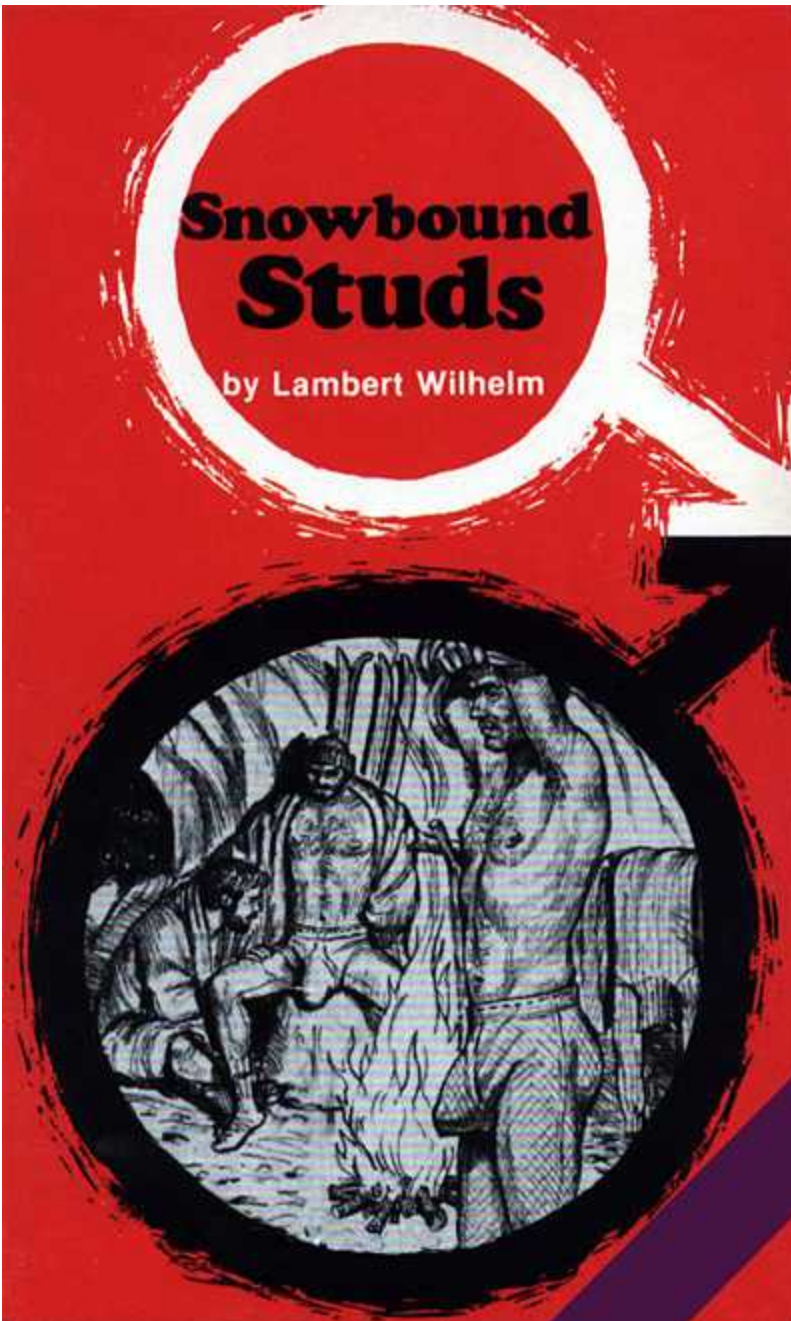


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ac-224 snowbound studs
(lambert wilhelm) 1980

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AC-224 SNOWBOUND STUDS by Lambert Wilhelm

FOREWORD

In our ever-changing and often-confusing world, a world in which it is often difficult to determine right from wrong or good from bad, things which may have shocked our grandparents, or even our parents, are often taken with a grain of salt.

Just a few short years ago, it seemed that the stereotype homosexual had firmly entrenched itself in the general consciousness of our society. It would have been looked upon as absurd, for example, for one to suggest that a certain professional football player was gay. After all, everyone knew that homosexuals were nonviolent at best, and downright weak-kneed at worst. It also went without saying that there were no homosexual doctors, lawyers, politicians or policemen. There were, however, numerous gay hair dressers, interior decorators and fashion designers. And, of course, most artists were suspect.

SNOWBOUND STUDS is a story that "tells it like it is" in that it exposes the old gay stereotype for what it is -- a lie. A compelling novel that attempts to uncover the truth in an area where the facts have been ignored too long.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

Talbot Winnet heard the wind even above the slurpy, sexual sounds Eddie Hampton was making over stiff cock. The sound of the cold wind, seeping in through the tightly fitted logs of the small cabin two-thirds up Bear Creek Mountain, made Talbot even more appreciative of the warmth from the fire and the warmth spawned by the up and down movements of hot mouth and throat over his hard prick.

Neither young man was aware of the snow that was beginning to fall.

Even if they had been aware of it, they wouldn't have been too concerned.

At a 10,000-foot elevation, the area was often sprinkled with the white stuff, even in midsummer.

The wood in the fireplace shifted as the lapping flame ate away more of the supporting fiber. The resulting rise of sparks cast an attractive glow over both Talbot, who was standing naked, and Eddie, who was naked and on his knees.

They both had well-muscled bodies: not only because they got workouts during the school year, but because they often took vacations into out-of-the-way places like this one. They came here for more exercise to keep their bodies firm and trim. They came here, because they got an ecstatic pleasure from having sex in the outdoors. There was something powerfully erotic about the smell at wood burning, the sound of wind blowing, the sight of such rustic and simple surroundings while having sex.

The sexual posing they presented really needed a voyeur. It was that hot.

There was, after all, something exceptionally sexy about seeing two young men rutting who were in the best possible physical condition.

"Jesus, that... is... the way," Talbot gasped, a reflexive swinging of his hips gliding his eleven-inch cock up to his hairy balls in Eddie's feasting face.

"Jesus... Jesus... Jesus... but, you do know how to suck cock."

The play of flickering firelight on rippling muscles was sensuously exciting to each participant. The varying degrees of illumination added to delineation, making muscles seem more pronounced, making valleys seem even deeper within the exquisitely chiseled flesh of their sleek bodies.

A line of shadow separated Talbot's rectangular pectorals, separated his scalloped abdominals, seemed part of the dark hair that decorated Talbot's lower belly.

Eddie seemed more out of the shadow. That, however, was only because he was the lighter complected of the two. Although his body was tanned (a condition exceptionally attractive in blonds) it was somehow a better reflector of the light than was Talbot's darker flesh. His hair, too, caught the light and held it, giving the boy a kind of angelic halo that spilled its light to reveal his blue-green eyes, sensuous lips, high cheekbones and cleft chin.

His cock, though, all ten inches of it, was only slightly visible: partially because of the shadow down where he was kneeling; partially because his tight hand had his cock fisted and was pumping it.

His hand, though, wasn't pumping hard and fast because he didn't want to bring himself too quickly to climax. He wasn't sucking Talbot's cock to get it off, either. His intentions were merely to get the monster prick lubricated sufficiently for the ride it would soon be making up the space Eddie really had reserved for it. That place being his tight and narrow asshole.

Talbot, knowing his cock would eventually be allowed entrance up Eddie's butt, was nevertheless enjoying what he had at the moment. There was nothing quite like the workout Eddie's mouth and throat could give Talbot's cock. Talbot had been sucked off by so many guys in his life, he certainly had a basis for comparing this suck to the others.

Eddie sucked cock well, mainly because he enjoyed sucking cock. There was something about a guy who really enjoyed going down on stiff prick that quickly relayed itself to the person getting sucked off.

Actually, though, there wasn't any aspect of gay sex Eddie didn't enjoy.

He didn't much care whether he was the one getting sucked or fucked, or whether he was sucking and doing the fucking. He got off on all of it.

So did Talbot, for that matter, which was probably why the two were so well-matched. They were, also, intelligent enough to know that each of them had needs which necessarily took them searching for pleasures beyond what they could offer each other. In that sense, they didn't consider themselves lovers, per se. They considered themselves friends who occasionally enjoyed each other tremendously.

Eddie quit pumping his cock completely. He freed it and let it slip back up against his taut belly. The small eye in the head of his cock released an oozing of preseminal juice which splattered into a sunburst design.

Beads of translucent natural lubricant beaded within the blond hair haloing the young man's navel.

He had released his masturbatory hold because he knew Talbot was a long time in building toward ejaculation, and there was no point in beating him to the punch. Not that Eddie's cock wasn't always good for more than one blast-off in a session, because it was. Still, mutual orgasms were to be worked for. By depriving himself of hand on cock now, he would merely better assure that, when he did pop his rocks, he wouldn't be doing so alone.

Eddie brought his freed hand to clamp his fingers into the hard muscles of Talbot's left asscheek. His left hand was already anchored to his hot ass. However, he soon decided his right hand could be put to better use on Talbot's balls. He moved it there. He cupped Talbot's healthy scrotum, using his fingers to roll his nuts which were ballooned to egg-size with thick, deliciously warm, male sperm.

"Roll them, stud," Talbot encouraged. "Roll... those hairy nuts. Crack them so they... ohhhhhhhh, my sweet God... yesssssss..."

All the while his left hand was kneading ass like raw baker's dough and his right hand was busy massaging tender testicles, Eddie's experienced mouth was releasing hard cock and then sucking it all up again. On each swing of

his face, his spit was released over the cock to coat the shaft and pulpy head with a veneer of slick juices.

The way Eddie had it figured, it wouldn't be long now before he had Talbot's cock ready for the streamlining plunge of Eddie's tight asshole.

Outside, the wind blew. Inside, Eddie blew.

Talbot groaned low and deep. His ass dimpled as his hips automatically swung, forward on each downward slide of Eddie's handsome face.

Eddie's full and sensuous lips were folded over a line of strong, even, white teeth. The corners of his mouth ached pleasantly from the stretch required by the complete drop over Talbot's tumescent cock. The inside of his mouth was alive with the taste of male cock and the flavors released by preseminal juices. The pulpy resilience of Talbot's cock left plenty of those leakings on each stage of the journey in... and out... and in...

Talbot rested both of his hands on Eddie's moving head. He combed his fingers through the blond, silky hair. He was fascinated by the way the light seemed to coat each hair with a thin film of luminescence.

He didn't try to forcibly control Eddie's sucking motions, knowing his friend was well aware of what he was doing. They had been through this scene so often, Eddie knew by second nature just what could please Talbot the most -- and vice versa. It was a good indication of both boys'

expertise that, despite the large number of their matings together, each time always seemed to bring on just as much pleasure -- if not more --

than the last time.

Eddie moved easily and smoothly up and down the shaft of immense cock.

His face rose to the bulbous crown and fell to the knotted hairs. The hard cock slipped back and forth like a piece of rubber on a slideway of grease.

There was no way Talbot was going to be unaware of the pleasure of having his cock swung on. In fact, new waves of enjoyment went flooding through

him each time the rubbery head of his cock collided with Eddie's bony palate and dived deep into the wetness of his hugging throat.

Eddie's tongue wrapped around the cockflesh as he sucked it. The muscles of his throat collapsed against the stiff shaft. Each time he reached the bottom of his mouthful, he gave an extra swallow, as if attempting to siphon up more inches of prick than were there. At those moments, his face would be buried into Talbot's groin as far as it would go. His nose would be plugged against his hard lower belly. His chin would be mashed against a scrotum that was becoming more and more compact as the moments passed.

Once again, his face pulled up the shaft to a corona that was shaped very much like an inverted heart. Looking down, he had a very good view of the arching made by Talbot's healthy cock.

The prick was big... delicious... beautiful. Eddie decided to suck it all up a few times before surrendering it completely.

Actually, Eddie found it as tempting as all hell to continue his ride to its finish. He was getting hungrier and hungrier for the meal his fingers kept telling him was ballooning Talbot's balls. However, as tempting as that was, he was even more desirous of having the feel of the cock now in his mouth rammed deep up his asshole. It was always good feeding on Talbot's cum, but it was also good having the splash of that frantically jettisoned discharge go bursting up Eddie's butt to drape his bruised prostate in hot goo. So, on the next upward glide along the stiff shaft of Talbot's cock, Eddie's mouth slipped completely free, leaving behind it a powerful chunk of prick that was soaked with his saliva.

"Goddamn!" Talbot voiced, obviously disappointed his cock was suddenly deprived of the sucking warmth of Eddie's mouth and throat. His only consolation was that he knew his cock -- now freed -- would soon be lost up a hole even more conducive to pleasure than the hole just vacated.

Eddie turned from Talbot's cock and crawled to a position that had his chest and head bent over one of the lower bunks found in the room. His ass jutted back in sensuous invitation.

"I expect you to get a move on, you studly bastard," Eddie announced, his face turned so he could see the shadows dancing along the front of Talbot's body. He saw hard cock weaving back and forth in front of Talbot's taut belly like a phallic metronome. "I don't want all that good work I've done in getting your cock wet to go to waste."

"You're fucking crazy if you think I'm going to wait any longer than I have to," Talbot said, getting down on the floor behind Eddie. The wood was hard on his bare knees, but the resulting discomfort seemed only to add to the pleasure of the moment, rather than detract from it.

He put his large left hand on Eddie's ass. His fingers moved down along the damp crease. Using his thumb on one cheek and his fingers on the other, he pried the ass open along its crack. With his right hand, he yanked his straining erection down from its upright position, letting it form a bridge between his and Eddie's body. He positioned the corona of his cock to the small, brown pucker of Eddie's asshole.

"No funny stuff, either," Eddie said in mock concern. "I have no desire to suddenly find myself up here in the middle of nowhere with a ripped asshole."

"Your asshole isn't going to split," Talbot promised, scooting forward so his cock was more distinctly nudging the target area.

With a steady pressure, Talbot's hips succeeded in driving the corona of his cock inward through the ovaling sphincter ring.

Eddie gave a startled grunt. As many times as he had had this cock rammed up his asshole, it always came as a surprise that it was as big as it was. He grabbed handfuls of the sleeping bag which was spread over the rope weave that substituted as the bunk mattress.

Talbot fed Eddie's ass another couple of inches. He did so slowly. He did, after all, have a big cock. This asshole was tight. He had no intentions whatsoever of ever making Eddie feel more pain than pleasure.

"The walk up here make your cock bigger?" Eddie asked, his voice coming out slightly breathless.

"I wish," Talbot said, beginning a push-and-pull action before his cock was completely in. Each inward shove, though, managed to put a small fraction more of his cock up the asshole than had been there the last time around. The gentle teasing action helped relax the sphincter as well as relax the lining of the asshole.

"Aaaaaaagh!" Eddie grunted, feeling the cock sink even deeper inside of him. He wasn't grunting because of the pain. There was no pain, despite the size of Talbot's cock, despite the tightness of Eddie's asshole.

There was only pleasure; Eddie's grunt had merely been a voicing of that pleasure.

Talbot's cock was busy leaking preseminal juices that added themselves to the spit being smeared along Eddie's asshole.

It was going to be a damned snug fit, but not an impossible one. That, at least, both bays knew from past experience.

As Talbot's cock dropped deeper and deeper, Eddie's anal muscles relaxed, allowing for even farther penetration. It wouldn't be long before all of the cock was plugged inside.

When he had worked his cock two-thirds of the way into Eddie's rectum, Talbot paused. By that time, Eddie was giving low, guttural grunts and jiggling his muscled ass like crazy. Talbot knew it was time to feed the last of his cock into place.

Taking hold of Eddie's hip bones for additional support, Talbot gave the final buck that would achieve his goal. His cock progressed, coming to a final stop only when Talbot's belly squashed Eddie's asscheeks. Black pubic hair pushed indents into the skin of Eddie's ass. Talbot's balls, heavy with cum, came swinging forward to slap the ass with resulting pain and pleasure.

"Oh... sweet... Jesus!" Eddie groaned, knowing as well as his partner that he had almost a foot of hard cock stabbed up his butt -- enjoying every moment of it.

Talbot's chest fell forward, his body cupping that of the young boy he was fucking. He laid his cheek against Eddie's back, feeling the warmth of skin managing to sweat despite the cold just outside the door.

"Is there an asshole anywhere as tight as this one is?" Talbot asked. If there was, he would certainly have liked to find it. He had stuck his prick up a good many rectums in his lifetime, and he had yet to find one with quite the capacity to hug his cock as this one did.

"Tell me I'm not split from the small of my back to my hairy balls,"

Eddie groaned, simultaneously knowing that if he had been ripped he would have been experiencing pain rather than the pleasure he was feeling.

"You aren't split," Talbot gasped. "Hell, already I can feel that old asshole of yours adjusting to the buttful I've fed it. It'll really be limbered up once I start really pumping."

He pulled his cock out to its halfway point and reinserted.

"See?"

"Ohhhhhhh, Jessssssus!" Eddie hissed.

The friction of hard flesh against the lining of his asshole had caused an excruciatingly enjoyable sensation which had become immediately noticeable to the both of them.

Several more thrustings (each one more powerful and lengthier than the other) brought Talbot's balls slapping up against Eddie's ass. His gonads throbbed with delightful pain as a result.

Eddie's stiff cock had been free for the moment. Talbot, though, wasn't about to leave it that way for long. Knowing how pleasurable feelings could only be increased by two people getting it off at the same time, he had all

intentions of seeing Eddie blasting his creamy wad at the same time. Talbot was blasting his hot cum.

He dropped his right hand beneath Eddie's belly and took hold of his hard, jutting cock. The prick was hot and heavy in his hand: a hard inner core surrounded by a sheath of loose skin, that moved when his hand did.

He moved his left hand into place, down where Eddie's scrotum hung from the knotted hairs of the boy's stiff cock. Talbot's fingers curved upward, closing about the compacting sac. He squeezed the two balls inside, able to tell by their size and tautness that they were already full of creamy male spunk just waiting to be set free.

"I'm going to fuck you royally, stud," Talbot moaned. But that information was superfluous. Eddie, more than anybody, knew that Talbot was going to do.

"Yea, fuck me," Eddie gasped. He jiggled lower body to stir his cock up his ass and stir his cock inside the fist Talbot had supplied for it.

Eddie's ass was well into adjusting to what was sticking into it.

Eddie knew he was going to enjoy this screw. He knew it even before the hard cock corkscrewed against his prostate, causing a new oozing of preseminal juice from Eddie's cock-mouth. Juice which was quickly claimed by Talbot's stroking fingers. Then, Eddie couldn't recall a time when he hadn't enjoyed a fuck from Talbot... or a suck... or anything else. Of all the people Eddie had known sexually -- and he had known a good many -

- no one was as compatible to his needs as Talbot had been and still was.

It had been one hell of a lucky day for him when Talbot had walked his gargantuan cock into Eddie's life... mouth... and asshole.

Talbot moved into a more energetic fucking cadence as his cock smeared wet lubricant against the walls of Eddie's bowels. He pushed and pulled his hips, his cock exploring every available inch of asshole at its disposal. As

his cock slammed up Eddie's butt, his hand was masturbating Eddie's sizable boner.

The walls of Eddie's asshole gripped and massaged the submerged cock-shaft. The pressure caused friction wherever the cock and lining of the ass collided. The friction caused heat to turn asshole and cock red from the screw.

"Fuck me... fuck me... fuck me!" Eddie chanted as his asshole was screwed and his cock was fucked into Talbot's obliging fist. "Beat my... sweet...

sweet... meat!"

Outside, the wind was on the increase. The snow had turned into flakes as big as half dollars. Neither Talbot nor Eddie much cared -- at the moment. They were both pretty far into the fuck by now. Eddie's ass and Talbot's slapping lower belly were pink from the contact made each time cock slid up to the hairy balls into Eddie's rectum.

Talbot's cock withdrew again to its head, pushed in, pulled out, pushed in again.

"Ride me, stud!" Eddie commanded, his body alive with pleasures that were threatening to soon go off in blazing fireworks inside his brain. "Fuck my ass! Whip my prick! Make me... agh... aghbhhhung... aggghhhung!"

His groan ended by Eddie gargling on his own spit. His body was so hyped, he couldn't stand it. It only seemed to get more glugged with pleasure as Talbot's cock fucked on... and on... and on. Eddie knew he wasn't going to be able to stand the be able to stand the ecstasy much longer. He had been thrust to the top of the mountain, with nowhere else to go but up.

"Ready?" Talbot asked, his sweaty belly colliding once more with Eddie's ass in a sounding that resembled a rifle shot going off in the room. He pulled his cock so far out that only its pulpy head was held securely by Eddie's sphincter ring. Then, once again, he slapped his crotch into place.

His balls were no longer swinging free. They, like Eddie's nuts, were pulled up in a contracted scrotal sac so far toward the base of hard cock that they almost disappeared into the pockets from which they had dropped with the onset of puberty.

"Jesus... am... I... ready!" Eddie announced in a voice he could hardly recognize as his own. "Jesus... fucking... Christ... am I... am I...

rrreeaaaadddyiii!"

He felt his guts seething and writhing, seeming to proceed to exit from there through the long neck of his cock.

"I'm commmmmming... you... fucking bastard!" he bellowed, his knuckles going white as he grabbed handfuls of the sleeping bag in tempo to the exploding swells of pleasure suddenly consuming him. "I... am commmmmming!"

"Come, then, you sonofabitch'n bastard!" Talbot challenged, sinking his cock one more time to his balls and leaving it stuck there. He felt the pulsings of Eddie's cock in his fist as wad after wad of hot cum splattered on the side of the bunk. "Come... and... take... my... load...

my, oh, Jesus, God... my... come... while you're doing it... oh, it...

oh... ohhhggghhhung!"

His cock blasted comets of sticky sperm that coated Eddie's asshole, then filled his bowel to flood jism back along the plugging cock and out through the ovaled pucker of his asshole.

Cum caught on Talbot's grinding belly to be quickly smeared against Eddie's muscled ass.

CHAPTER TWO

Mack hadn't made it down the mountain to the shelter when the storm hit.

He had decided upon a cave instead. It was a deep cave. It was dry, too.

He figured it would offer him more than enough protection from the elements until the storm let up. Like Eddie and Talbot, this young hiker had no thoughts that the freak storm could possibly continue for more than a couple of hours. It was simply not the right time of the year for any major snowfalls to hit the area. Hell, at the top of Bear Creek Mountain, where he had camped the night before, basalt was already showing through the ice, giving access to ice tunnels which hadn't, been unblocked for exploration for years.

The cave was good shelter. However, it had no food supply, which the cabin down the mountain did have. He had enough food in his pack for a few more days, but since he had been on his way down the mountain at the time of the storm, he hadn't been any too easy on his food supply on the descent. So, he certainly wasn't prepared for any long hours in isolation. As far as fuel went, he had managed to gather enough wood the night before to keep him warm until morning. Wood, though, was no longer so easy to come by. What's, more, the snow was getting deeper. The wind cut through his parka like a cold knife blade.

"Christ," he mumbled. "This surely can't last!" He stamped snow off his boots. If the snow and the wind weren't enough, the mountain was hastily becoming socked in with fog.

He dropped another piece of wood on the fire. There was, luckily, a natural opening somewhere in the rocks above that allowed the smoke an adequate vent for exit.

He went back and stood at the mouth of the cave, out of the wind, watching the snow being blown every which way within a mist that swirled in giant vortexes.

If the storm held on any longer, it was going to surprise one hell of a lot of people -- Mack included. However, if it did keep going, Mack was going to be in something of a fix. Yet, it would have been a bit ridiculous to head out into the mess if it were going to blow over in a few more hours.

Mack surveyed the terrain. It wasn't as if he were lost on the mountain -

- storm or no storm. He had been up this route so many times in the past, he could probably find his way out blindfolded. However, he would have preferred not doing so through snow up to his crotch.

Hell, he'd wait it out. Surely, it wouldn't last very much longer. If it did, he would have to at least make it as far down the mountain as the cabin. There, at least, would be a supply of emergency provisions. And, if rescue came -- worse coming to worse -- they would go to the cabin first.

Still, he would go that route when he had to do so. Until then, he would wait until he had at least burned up the wood supply he had gathered that morning.

His sleeping bag was still unrolled. He decided to make himself as comfortable as possible -- just in case he would find himself out in that mess, after all.

He began to unlace his hiking boots, setting them close to the fire to dry after he had removed them. He did the same with his socks, pants, and shift, leaving him only in his underwear. Hell, he hadn't even worn thermal underwear. Then, he wouldn't have ever dreamed he would be caught up in a Goddamned blizzard this late in the season.

His shorts were wet, too, since he had slipped while gathering wood and had gotten enough snow on his ass to become melted by his body heat. So, he stripped off his underpants and added them, to the clothing arrangement around the fire. In the end, figuring he might as well warm his T-shirt, too, he was stripped naked.

As the cave wasn't all that large, and the fire was big, the area was comfortably warm, despite the conditions just beyond the cave entrance.

Mack lingered atop his sleeping bag, finding nakedness, the fire, and the blizzard outside, definitely a turn-on. In proof, his cock -- large even when flaccid -- was going even longer and fatter as it swelled toward erection.

Jesus, but he should have brought along somebody. Somebody he could now roll to his belly to feed his swollen cock into his tight ass.

Not that he wouldn't have brought along somebody... if there had been anybody to bring. The truth was, however, there was no one in Mack's life at the moment who would have been interested in spending their spare time up on a mountainside, hiking, fucking and sucking.

Shit, maybe he shouldn't have broken up with Bob. In fact, it was still hard for him to figure out why they had broken up. They had both been interested in the same things: like hiking, sucking and fucking. They had certainly been good in bed together. At least, they had been good in the beginning. Yet, after three years, they had -- by mutual consent --

decided to once again go their separate ways. Mack wasn't even too sure where Bob was at that moment. He thought maybe he had gone to Los Angeles: a transfer in his job at the phone company. It was strange how two people could become so close for three years and then suddenly become complete strangers again.

Not that they had parted with screams and fights and accusations. They hadn't. Nor had there been anyone else... for either. Their relationship had simply run its course.

Mack hadn't found anyone else. However, he hadn't looked very hard, either. He had actually enjoyed his freedom after Bob. Except, of course, at times like this, when a warm, hard, male body and a tight, gripping, male asshole would have been more than welcome.

Oh, Mack wasn't friendless. He had a lot of friends. Mainly, though, they were straight. After so many times of coming into the mountains with a gay lover, he certainly had no inclination to saddle himself with one of his straight friends who would have been as shocked as all hell if Mack had suggested zipping sleeping bags together and cuddling for warmth.

He hadn't been up to looking for a new lover in the bars, either. Not only had he tired of that particular scene over the years, but he had never found a relationship in a bar which had lasted beyond a night -- at most two nights. The two lovers he had found in his life (Bob and an earlier lover, Jim) had been discovered -- strangely enough -- while out in the mountains or the wilderness. Jim had come into Mack's life for one marvelous summer of homosexual exploration at the Jackson Boys Camp. Bob had turned up while Mack had been sunbathing during a week of backpacking the trails on Maui, no less.

Oh, well, there was nothing at all wrong with doing yourself... either with your hand, or (if you were hung big enough and had a body limber enough) with your own mouth. So, since there seemed to be nobody else handy in the long run, doing yourself did have certain advantages. If you didn't know what turned you on, it was doubtful anyone would ever, be able to find the right buttons to push.

He stretched out fully on the sleeping bag. He put his hands to the small of his back and lifted his legs toward the ceiling.

He had a good look over his muscled chest, over his sleek belly, to the stiff mass his cock was making at his crotch. The mouth of his cock was damp with moisture. Although it hadn't yet begun to leak much pre-cum.

His balls, still flaccid in the warmth supplied by the fire, hung along the shaft, heavy balls having pulled the skin almost as far as his pulpy, down-jutting cock-head.

He dropped his legs over his head, touching his toes to the sleeping bag.

Even without bending any farther, he had already brought his large cock within licking distance. Its fat head, shot through the enfolding flesh of bulky foreskin, was only a tongue's-length away.

With his right hand, he fondled his balls. He continued playing with them, finding the tube that ran from his balls up through his solid shaft of prick. He squeezed the tube shut and then began milking it for the preseminal juices contained within it.

Juice oozed free, forming a thick string that dropped toward his mouth.

He opened his lips for it, letting the fluid drool to the tastebuds on his tongue. The string broke under its own weight. Mack shut his mouth and swallowed it. He stuck out his tongue, lapping the remainder of his juices from the head of his prick. The moisture tasted good. But it always did.

During the few seconds he had maintained this position, his spine had relaxed. His cock had dropped even closer to his mouth. Mack knew, though, his cock could be made to drop even farther. How far, he had discovered at a very early age. Hell, he was sucking off his own cock before most kids in his age group had even discovered what masturbation was all about.

He bent his legs, bringing his knees to rest directly behind his head.

The maneuver curved his spine even more than it already was. As a result, his cock-head actually brushed Mack's lips, glossing them with his latest drooling of preseminal liquid. He opened his mouth and ovaled it about the pulpy corona of his prick. He sucked gently, tasting more of his salty male flavors as they drooled to coat his tongue.

His back relaxed more into its position, losing tightness which had, until then, persisted.

He put his hands to his muscled asscheeks, feeling his vertebrae bend to ease his cock deeper into his mouth. The head of his prick actually penetrated as far as the opening of his throat. His fingers clamped hard on his ass, tugging so that his crotch could drop even closer to his face.

His cock was a mouthful, even for Mack, who had become accustomed to its size a long time ago. At almost eleven inches, it was so large in circumference that Mack had trouble squeezing even his large hand shut around it. There was one long vein that took root where the shaft of his cock anchored amid the brown hair on his lower belly. It meandered all of the way down to the opened oval of his foreskin. Aside from that, the rest of his cock was silky smooth against his lips, mouth, and throat lining.

His balls pooled over his forehead even though the scrotum had already begun to gather his balls into a steadily compacting bag of skin furred with wiry brown hair. Later, when his balls had moved out of his way, he would be able to see the winked pucker of his asshole. Maybe he would even watch -- mouth stuffed full of his cock -- while he poked a thick finger up his rectum.

He released some of the pressure his hands were exerting on his ass. At the same time, the fire the same time, the fire ignited a pitch pocket in one of the branches thrown on it. The resulting flame pleasantly roasted Mack's upturned asscheeks.

The release of pressure caused Mack's body to come unbent a little, much like a spring coming partially uncoiled. As a result, his cock slipped slowly, outward along his throat, his compressed lips drawing his foreskin to the point where it was almost as completely cowl-ing his erection as it hooded his cock when his prick was flaccid. His tongue poked into the small snout of skin, claiming the juices which had oozed to be cupped inside.

It was easier going, sucking on his cock now, than it had been when he was a youngster. A kid, after all, who thinks he's the only guy in the world interested in mouthing his own cock to eruption, has a whole lot of experimentation to do before he gets it right. He had many times choked on his huge cock. He had many times choked on a tremendous deluge of squirting cum. He had many times come away with a backache because he had been too anxious in his inexperience, too.

Now, without even the springs of a bed to aid him in his suck, he knew just how to go about it. Like a yoga expert, he would come out of his contortion feeling pleasantly stretched, as well as pleasantly drained.

His ovaled lips held the loose skin in position, while gently bouncing hips pushed the hard inner core back and forth... back and forth... back and forth...

His scrotum elevated, like a fleshy curtain going up on a stage play.

What was revealed, though, was the crease of his ass, lined as it was with brown hair, punctuated as it was by the brown pucker of his asshole.

The fingers of his right hand dropped into the crease, the tip of his middle finger touching his pucker. Watching, as he continued to fuck his face, he slowly screwed his finger up his butt.

It felt good. It felt damned good. Except he couldn't help remembering how it had been when Bob's cock had gone gliding inside of him. That had admittedly been better. A finger could never substitute entirely for a cock -- any cock. When you didn't have an extra cock handy, however, you had to make do. When you didn't have an extra body around, you had to make do, too. Mack was making do now.

He continued sucking, continued fucking his face. His large finger screwed deeper up his asshole. He dragged his left hand down to his chest, pinching first one nipple and then the other. His nipples were already hard when he started, but the pinching did seem to make them go even tauter.

They rose like miniature citadels from dime-sized circles of dark-brown flesh found positioned on the lower fold of each rectangular pectoral.

He licked. He sucked. He pinched. He dug his finger deeper. He felt the slow knotting in his guts going even tighter.

It wouldn't be long now. It never took all that long when he sucked himself off. After all, he knew what he liked by way of a suck and he delivered it. There were no fumbles along the way to abort the pleasure or delay it once it had begun. No, the pleasure simply built and continued building until finally...

"Aaaagghhhbh!" he groaned over his cock. As his mouth was full at the time, the vibrations of his lips and throat only increased his enjoyment, pushing him one step closer to that ultimate moment he was searching to find.

He felt the pulse of his cock inside his mouth. He saw the way his balls were tugged flush to his cockbase. He felt the sudden contraction of his

asshole around his plugging finger.

His finger found his prostate and twisted against it, releasing a new surge of pleasure and liquid.

"Aaaggghhh... agh... agh!" he grunted again.

He was on the verge. He knew he was on the verge. He willingly pushed himself that one final step necessary to get off.

"Grrrrunghhhhh!" he growled, gargling on the sudden deluge of hot cum suddenly being pumped... pumped... pumped... into his throat.

He sucked, an automatic gag reflex swallowing every bit of his hearty meal of hot, sticky jism.

His finger twisted up his butt, working his prostate for whatever juices might yet be jettisoned to feed his face.

He squeezed his right nipple hard until he was completely lost in his pleasure. He then put his left hand back on his balls and squeezed his emptying testicles.

"Oh... yes... yes... yes... fucking... God... yes!" he moaned.

His spunk was delicious. He had always found it so. Even in the beginning, when he was just learning how to suck his cock, he had never gagged because of the taste, but rather from the quantity. There was always so much of it. Wad after wad of the stuff. So much of it, it was only the years of constant practice which had given him the expertise to siphon it all up.

When he finished, when he had sucked it all down, having even gone so far as to milk his tubes one more time for any stale sperm lurking inside of them, he spit out his cock.

He slowly came unwound.

He felt pleasantly stretched, pleasantly drained of inner tensions. He also felt a little chilled.

He added more wood to the fire and crawled into his sleeping bag.

He warmed quickly, dozed for awhile, then came awake to feed the last of his wood to the dying flames. He checked his watch. He would have to start soon if he wanted to make sure of reaching the cabin by nightfall.

Outside the cave, the weather certainly hadn't improved. If anything, it had gotten worse.

Goddamn, the thought of going out into that mess wasn't appealing at all.

He had half a mind to stay right where he was, cuddled in his sleeping bag until the storm blew over -- no matter how long it took. Except the wood would soon be gone. Without wood, there would be no fire. Without fire, it would soon be as cold in the cave as it was outside.

So, Mack got up while the cave was still warm. He put on his clothes which had grown toasty warm.

He then rolled up his sleeping bag and repacked his knapsack to make sure the contents were balanced for easy carrying.

He put out the fire, dousing it with snow. God knew, there was nothing in sight the fire could have burned down. But past conditioning had trained him to always make sure a campfire was out before leaving it unattended.

He stepped out of the cave and into the blizzard. A gust of wind almost knocked him off his feet.

Jesus Christ, it was cold!

CHAPTER THREE

"Can you believe this shit?" Eddie asked, dropping the load of wood by the fireplace while Talbot closed the door. "Thank God there's wood out there and food in the cupboards. This certainly can't be the beginning of winter, can it?"

"Maybe it's the ending of last winter?" Talbot suggested, coming over by the fire. A few seconds at the door, letting Eddie in, had chilled him to the bone.

"Well, buddy, welcome to the new Ice Age," Eddie said, still not sufficiently warmed to remove his coat. "What, by the way, is for dinner?"

"Would you believe I found a large can of stewed chicken?"

"Stewed..."

"Yep. Chicken."

"What do we do, make a list of everything we use and pay up at the Ski Patrol hut back at the lodge?"

"Beats me!" Talbot admitted with a shrug. "However, that probably is the way it works. Actually, up until now, I've never had to dip into any emergency rations like these."

"Well, after this, we'll know procedure, won't we?" Eddie said, finally getting warm enough to think about taking off his coat.

"Somehow, I find that minor consolation," Talbot said, standing. He went over to add a few sticks of wood to the small cook stove on the other side of the room.

Eddie got up, too, finally getting around to removing his coat and gloves.

"Did you happen to notice how high the snow is out there?" Eddie asked, haphazardly opening cupboard doors to re-verify the fact that there was plenty of food on hand. He wanted to make doubly sure there was enough.

No matter what the weatherman might have said about the prospect being unlikely, Eddie could see them being sealed up here for days on end. "In a few hours, the shit will be up to my ass."

"Just think, though. Days and days of fucking and sucking, while the snow piles up around us."

"That does sound really great, but..."

"Yeah, I do know what you mean," Talbot confessed. He found a can opener for the can of chicken. "I suppose they will send up a rescue team if this keeps on any longer. Let's face it, we probably weren't the only ones up here on the mountain."

"There were ten others when I signed us out," Eddie said, leaving off his investigation of cupboards to observe the whole chicken stuffed amid juicy aspic within the can.

"Well, they're certainly going to send out somebody looking if there are that many of us out here somewhere," Talbot said, transferring the open can from the counter to the top of the stove. The instructions had said to cook it in the can, once the lid had been removed.

"I don't want to put a pin in that balloon, but this looks to me like one of those storms wherein every newscaster announces that rescue teams can't be sent out until weather conditions and visibility improve."

"Locked up with a pessimist, am I?" Talbot said, shaking his head in mock concern. He flashed Eddie a smile. "Thank God, he's an attractive, bigcocked pessimist."

"Flattery will get you anything," Eddie said, smiling back. "You got anything better to do before dinner?"

"How about counting snowflakes?"

"How about my eating out your ass and then fucking it?"

"How about counting snowflakes?" Talbot repeated, his grin indicating he had no real intentions of passing up Eddie's offer.

"Want to count them in here or outside?"

"How about from over here?" Talbot suggested. "Where it's warm."

He knelt to untie the laces of his boots and to take them off. That completed, he stood and began to unfasten his belt.

"Why don't you bring over one of our sleeping bags and spread it out by the fire?" he said. "Actually, I would prefer a bear-skin rug. But, I'll obviously have to be content with compromise."

"I'd volunteer to go out hunting for a bear from which to make a rug. But I honestly think every bear for miles is probably well into hibernation by now."

"Well, are you going to come and get your appetizer?" Talbot asked. His pants and underpants were down. He was peeling off his sweater and T-shirt. "Or, are you going to wait around for the rescue?"

"What do you think?" Eddie asked, whipping the sleeping bag from the lower bunk and spreading it at Talbot's bare feet. "You make yourself comfortable and I'll be with you in a minute."

Talbot got down on the sleeping bag, lying on his belly, propping his chin on his fists.

"Maybe you should snap a picture of this for the family scrapbook, huh?"

he suggested, burrowing his hard cock into the cushioning beneath his belly, watching Eddie strip.

He never got tired of watching Eddie strip. He never got tired of seeing Eddie's muscled, naked body. He never got tired of having that body join his in sex. He hoped he would never get tired of it, either. He would have hated to think he might someday not enjoy what he was now seeing.

Oh, they would probably always remain friends -- sex or no sex. But, sex, really good sex, was harder than hell to find. And so far, sex with Eddie had always been good.

"If I'd known we were going to be here longer than usual, I would have brought along a few of my toys," Eddie said. He had recently begun to experiment in B&D.

His shirt and undershirt were off, revealing a muscled chest that seemed completely absent of hair, except for those few strands haloing his salmon-colored nipples.

There was actually a thin fuzz over all of his chest, but it was so fine, and bleached so white, it was usually completely invisible.

His abdominals seemed hairless, too, except for a line of blond strands that began at Eddie's indented navel and dropped to the more profuse fanning of the blond pubic hair veed at the boy's groin.

He was one of the few blonds Talbot had ever seen who had pubic hair exactly the same color as was on his head. Light blond curls surrounded the base of Eddie's cock: not one shade lighter nor one shade darker than the light-catching strands banged attractively over his forehead.

His cock, circumcised and sprouting a pulpy head atop a bulky neck, was hard. If Talbot didn't know better, he could have very well imagined that cock never going soft. Talbot had, in fact, never suggested sex to Eddie but that the boy hadn't been ready and had a stiff cock to prove it.

Eddie, it seemed, could go horny at just the mention of sex. Which Talbot liked, since he was basically programmed the same way.

Talbot's cock was hard now, smashed between his hard belly and the cushioning offered by the sleeping bag beneath him. His cock was beginning to drool translucent juices -- a sure sign that Talbot's horniness was on the increase.

Eddie made a quick detour to check out the chicken in the can. He wanted to make sure it wasn't going to decide to boil over at an inconvenient moment.

Talbot took advantage of Eddie's change of direction to admire his companion's ass.

Eddie did seem to have it all, even down to a magnificent pair of buns that were neither too large nor too small. They were solid, too, and firm. They had dimples, one in each cheek, that would go deeper whenever Eddie was in the process of delivering any forward or downward thrusting of his hips during a fuck of asshole or mouth.

Content the meal was progressing without indications of impending catastrophe, Eddie turned his attention back to the awaiting Talbot. As he did so, he chanced another glance out the window. He didn't say anything about what he saw beyond the glass. There was no need. Talbot's eyes had followed Eddie's glance and had registered the same white curtain of windblown snow.

"At least we lucked out by being at a spot where there was shelter,"

Eddie said, coming over and getting down on his knees beside Talbot. He ran his right hand along the attractively muscled contours of Talbot's back, finally resting his fingers gently on the young man's ass. It was, after all, the ass in which Eddie was primarily interested. "Think of any poor sucker, caught out in this freak storm without any place to go.

Jesus!"

He felt a shiver, even though there by the fire he was completely comfortable and free from the cold weather.

He shifted his position, slipping into the space he quickly found for himself between Talbot's open legs.

Eddie bowed his head to Talbot's ass, simultaneously using his hands to open the buns along their shared crease.

His nose found the asshole before his mouth did, smelling essence of young male clinging to the pucker and the bordering hair.

He licked, finding how easily the smells could be converted to tastes upon his tongue.

He rolled his tongue, put its tip to the pucker and slipped it through the sphincter ring. The flavors became more rich and tasty the deeper his tongue pushed.

He ejected a run of saliva through the funnel of his rolled tongue, wetting down the asshole in preparation for his cock which wouldn't be too long in following.

"Ohhhhhhh, yesssss!" Talbot hissed. "Buddy, you've got a tongue as long and as thick as an arm."

"You want me to show you what a real fist feels like?" Eddie asked, pulling his tongue free and leaving a glob of saliva over the winking eye of Talbot's asshole. "I guarantee you'll know the difference when you feel it."

"So, I take my observation back," Talbot said. "Because no fist ever did for me what your cock is capable of doing."

Eddie used his fingers to pry the asscheeks even wider apart. He then went back to licking and fucking the asshole with his long, slippery tongue.

Talbot went back to purely enjoying. He revolved his ass upward into Eddie's face, jiggling to help the way the tongue was working inside of his body.

Eddie continued licking until most of the tastes he was retrieving were the bland ones of his own spit. He then figured he had gotten the hole about as

clean as he was going to get it for fucking. He had, also, fed it so much spit that every contraction of Talbot's anal muscles caused a bubbling of wet ooze to form at the small puckered opening.

Satisfied with a job obviously well done, Eddie came up for air.

"You know, I think I could lie here all night long and let that tongue of yours go wagging up my ass," Talbot said. His head was turned so his face was aimed toward the fire. He knew he had a holocaust beginning inside of him that could equal -- if not surpass -- the heat being coaxed from disintegrating wood fiber. "I'll bet if you were at it long enough I could even cum with you doing just that."

"Yeah, well you and I both know you'll be up to coming a hell of a lot faster with my cock shoved up your butt. Right?"

"Why don't you give it a try and we'll see," Talbot suggested.

Eddie sat back on his heels, letting Talbot's asscheeks fall back into place.

He spit several times into the palm of his right hand, smearing hot saliva over his erect cock. As he smeared, he simultaneously milked for additional natural lubricant. Together, spit and preseminal juices supplied a sticky slick that covered Eddie's cock from its pulpy head to its bulky balls.

When he figured his cock was more than capable of penetrating the hole he had already lined with spit, Eddie wiped his hand off on Talbot's ass. He let his middle finger drift so close to the pucker that it took little effort to put the fingertip to that winked eye and shove into it.

"Sweeeet, Jesssssus!" Talbot groaned as the finger drove so deep, so fast, it was jabbing his prostate before he knew what in the hell was happening.

"Think you can come with just a finger up your ass?" Eddie asked, twisting the digit and stirring it in the spit up the asshole.

"I'm willing to try, if you would rather fart around fucking me with your finger instead of your hard cock," Talbot said. Actually, he rather enjoyed

what the finger was doing to him. Oh, it wasn't as good as what a cock would be doing. A cock, after all, was bigger and not quite so unyielding in its hardness. However, there was a lot to be said for a finger. Just as there was a lot to be said for a tongue.

Talbot, though, preferred cock. Eddie preferred giving it. Since Eddie's cock was, by then, so hard it was almost painful, Eddie soon turned from teasing Talbot to offering him the real thing.

He pulled his finger free.

He came forward, yanking his cock into position with his right hand, while his left hand again brought the pucker into view for a sticking.

He nudged his pelvis more closely, toward Talbot's ass, working the head of his cock into the cupping pout of the pucker.

"Decided finally to get down to business, have you?" Talbot asked. His cock had leaked a large wet spot onto the sleeping bag beneath his belly.

"It's all been part of the business you and I have been about, hasn't it?" Eddie said. At the same time, his hips were pushing his cock so that its head was able to coax open the asshole and stick inside of it.

"Ugh!" Talbot grunted, consciously telling himself he had better relax as much as possible, or it was liable to be more painful than pleasurable when Eddie did stick his ass with that big cock of his.

The corona of Eddie's cock was inserted completely through the breached opening. The outer lips of Talbot's asshole were gumming tightly about that point of his cock where its head flared outward from its thick neck.

With his cock-head securely held in place by Talbot's asshole, Eddie no longer needed his hand to hold his cock in position. So he leaned forward slightly and worked both of his hands down beneath Talbot's hip bones and took hold.

"Ready?" Eddie asked.

Talbot knew what Eddie was planning to do. He knew that where there was now only the corona of the cock up his butt, there would soon be the total length of Eddie's stiff cock. Yes, it was to be one sudden and fast streamlining of hard cock up his rectum. And he was ready for it all right. Jesus, was he ready!

"Feed me your cock!" Talbot said, once again willing his ass to relax or face real damage in the face of the upcoming attack. "Stick me up to your hairy balls!"

Eddie obliged. He drove his thick inches hard and fast into his companion's tight asshole. He kept on driving until his lower belly collided with Talbot's butt with a resulting loud slap. His weight then collapsed his belly and chest fully along Talbot's ass and back. He ground his thick prick into place.

"Ahhhhhh... agggghhhhhh... agggghhbhh!" Talbot moaned, still not completely recovered from the pure, unadulterated shock of having so much cock plugged inside of him so quickly. If he wanted to say something decipherable, he wasn't succeeding. His voice disintegrated into a long, low hissing.

"That's what you've been waiting for, isn't it?" Eddie asked. His nipples were hard, gone tack-like against Talbot's back. His cock was hard, going even harder up the sheath Talbot's asshole had provided for it. "Yes, buddy, that is cock you've now got up your butt. Real, honest to goodness cock. Not tongue. Not finger. But, cock! Can you feel the difference? Can you tell the one from the other? No? Funny, because you could sure as hell talk with a tongue and finger up your asshole, while you seem to be having a bit of a speech problem now."

"Stud... bastard!" Talbot managed to get out finally. As he always did, he was quickly recovering from the shock of Eddie's plugging. His asshole, familiar with the contours of the hardness shoved inside of him, was quickly conforming to its crowded condition. "You... sexy...

studly... Goddamned... hunky... bastard!"

"Compliments will get you everything you ever wanted," Eddie said. "Oh, yes, compliments will... oooohhhhhhgggghh!"

A sudden contraction of Talbot's asshole had clamped with almost painful intensity down around the total length of Eddie's cock. In fact, for a moment there, Eddie had actually thought the pressure had collapsed his prick to half its circumference and shot its length even deeper up the corridor it was so completely fucked into.

"Like that, do you?" Talbot asked, having gotten his breath back. He consciously tightened his anal muscles in another stranglehold, pleased when Eddie obliged him with yet another long, low grunt.

Despite the tightness of the asshole around the cock, however, Eddie felt at home up Talbot's rectum. Talbot, in turn, felt at home with Eddie's...

cock stuck up there. For both young men, there was an abundance of pleasure to overshadow any discomfort to be had from the sticking and from the being stuck.

Eddie ground his muscled belly into Talbot's asscheeks, his pubic hair chafing the buns to a pinkness. Still holding to Talbot's hipbones, he raised, pulling his cock out of the ass far more slowly than he had put it there.

However, when his cock was pulled to the point where only its head was remaining inside of Talbot's body, Eddie was quick enough to shove total cock back home again. There was the resulting slap of his belly striking Talbot's ass. This time, though, Talbot's asshole was better prepared for the streamlining.

"Oh... Jesus... Jesus... Jesus," Talbot mumbled as one fuck-stroke was followed by another... and another... and another.

Eddie continued to fuck. Once started, it would have actually been hard for him not to. There was pleasure to be had here. And Eddie was gleaning more and more of it with each passing second.

Talbot brought his arms up to fold beneath his face, laying his cheek against a forearm and trying to focus dilated eyes on the continuing flames in the fireplace.

Jesus, but it was lovely for Talbot. He never could understand how some guys could never get turned on by getting fucked -- only by fucking. He certainly had known a few of those pseudo-butch studs in his lifetime. He never had been able to figure out what kind of hang-ups those poor bastards had that kept them from ever offering up their asses to another man's cock. They sure as hell had condemned themselves to missing out on one hell of a lot of pleasure. There were actually times when Talbot had trouble deciding from where he got more pleasure: from his ass plugged with cock, or from his cock plugging asshole.

He could feel the tauting of Eddie's belly and chest muscles against his ass and back. Feeling it turned him on even more. Because, he was always excited by the idea that his body was exciting someone else.

There was certainly no denying that Eddie was turned on. What's more, he was more turned on with each withdrawal of his erect cock to its head, and with each plugging of his cock up to his hairy balls.

Eddie's blond pubic hair mingled with the black hair grown along the crease of Talbot's fucked ass.

"Want a hand to fuck?" Eddie asked, feeling his pleasure on the rise. It wasn't going to be long now. And if Talbot was going to need any help getting to orgasm, it was going to have to come now.

Talbot, though, shook his head no. He wasn't going to need anything except what he was getting right then and there. Sometimes he was able to get off without anything besides a cock up his asshole. He thought this was going to be one of those times. Anyway, he certainly hoped it was going to be. Of course, it really wasn't as if his cock had been hanging in a vacuum all of this time, without contact with anything. Because, in fact, the swollen inches of it had been mashed between Talbot's hard belly and the sleeping bag. With each fuckstroke that had dropped Eddie down, against Talbot's body, the latter's cock was squashed and rolled...

squeezed and teased. It wouldn't have been beyond saying it had been masturbated where it was, just as Eddie's cock was being masturbated where it was.

So, Talbot didn't need a hand to fist his cock. Even without the hand, he felt certain he would be right there to join Eddie when the moment of orgasm arrived. If not right there, he certainly wouldn't be all that far behind.

"Fuck me!" Talbot breathed huskily. "Fuck the funky shit out of me!"

Talbot's beggings acted as an audio aphrodisiac for the both of them.

Eddie ran his hands beneath Talbot's chest, finding hard nipples and pinching them.

"Yes... yes... Jesus... yes," Talbot moaned in appreciation, squirming as new sensations of pleasure were set loose inside of his ass.

His squirming stirred the cock up his asshole, allowing that prick to search out new angles of entrance and exit, drooling preseminal ooze wherever it went. The ooze acted as a soothing balm to anal tissue which had been turned red beneath the violence of the fucking.

Both were sweating. The heat from the fire and the heat burning at that moment inside of them were more than enough to counteract all of the cold awaiting just outside the closed door.

Their sheen of perspiration gave a glossiness to their flesh which was made thoroughly attractive within the existing lighting.

Eddie continued fucking. There was nothing else for him to do. His moves were actually quite out of his conscious realm of control at that moment, turned over to more primitive drive centers. Climax had suddenly become the prime motivating force in Eddie's life. And his body was somehow programmed to deliver.

His chest stuck to Talbot's back. His belly stuck to Talbot's ass.

Although, his cock continued to move back and forth up and down not stuck at all.

There were other sexual sounds within the room beside the grunts and the groans from both participants. There was the continuing slap of belly against ass. There was the wet sound of cock stirring within an asshole filled with soupy spit and preseminal juices.

There were smells: of wood smoke, of sweat, of virile male studs in heat.

"Screw... screw... screw," Talbot chanted. He was then so consumed in his pleasure, he wondered if it were possible that Eddie's fucking was going to thrust Talbot into orgasm.

Talbot delivered a guttural growl, undecipherable despite the fact he had really meant to verbally forewarn that his nuts were on the very verge of releasing the reservoir of heady male cream until then held trapped within his balls.

Eddie's eruption, however, wasn't about to take second place. Even as Talbot was growling in warning, Eddie's cum had already been turned loose.

"Jesus, take it!" Eddie grunted, dropping his cock securely into place and screwing it to fit. "Take... my... cum... you... Jesus... oh, you...

fucked stud... bastard... I'm commmmmmmmming!"

He was coming all right! His exploding cock was buried to its erupting balls up Talbot's clutching asshole.

Spirals of soupy sperm were turned loose up the rectum, converging, flooding back over the cock which continued to feed cum into the hole.

Talbot's prostate was draped with wet curtains of slime.

"Ohhhhhhh, shit... shit!" Talbot shrieked, his own moment of climax upon him.

If he and Eddie hadn't gone off together, at least they were so close there was little point in measuring just how many fractions of a second had passed between one shooting his load and the other following.

"Fuck meeeeeee!" Talbot bellowed, as beneath him a squirting of sperm sprayed between sleeping bag and belly, soon to be smeared along both as Talbot shuddered beneath Eddie's climaxing weight.

"My... fucking God!" Eddie moaned loudly, the orgasmic contractions of Talbot's asshole having clamped down hard on a cock which had grown overly sensitive during its orgasm.

The two rocked sensuously, cocks spurting... squirting... blasting blasting creamy cum.

They weren't actually finished when the door suddenly came open, filling the room with such a mighty gust of wind that snowflakes were thrown in to dissolve within the sweat covering their heated bodies.

"What the fuck!" Eddie exclaimed, his shock and surprise actually jerking him upward with such a start that his cock pulled completely free to blast the last of its cum onto the outside of Talbot's butt -- much like a performer in a gay fuck-film.

The door banged shut almost as quickly as it had come open. There was one exception to how things had been before. There was now a third person in the room. What he looked like was a bit hard to tell, considering he was so bundled up in a parka and knapsack, all covered with a heavy layer of snow.

"Go on with what you're doing," Mack Martin said, hardly believing what he had stumbled in on. "For God's sake, don't let me interrupt you!"

CHAPTER FOUR

Mack didn't join then and there. Although, he was more than tempted. In retrospect, though, he would realize he had been really too cold, too hungry, and too thankful for having arrived safely, to have really been able to give any immediate performances, anyway.

Nor were Eddie or Talbot all that anxious to continue with a new addition until they found out a bit more about their visitor. Hell, for all they knew, his comment might have been some sarcastic condemnation from a straight as offended as all hell by what he had seen -- although, it admittedly hadn't sounded that way. Besides that, they were as curious as all hell to find out who the guy was, where he had come from, and if there were more of the same on the way.

So, Eddie and Talbot got dressed, very much appearing like two schoolboys who had been caught with their pants down playing with each other in the boiler room.

Mack, had he been less the frozen corpse that he was, would have focused all of his attention on two such superb examples of the male physique. As it was, he was drawn to the fire like an iron filing was drawn to a magnet. By the time he actually began feeling the circulation returning to his system, he was dismayed to find Eddie and Talbot had had plenty of time to dress.

"You really didn't have to put your clothes back on for me," Mack managed finally, deciding he might even soon be able to take off his parka: something he had believed -- when out in the cold -- he would never be able to do again.

"It had suddenly gotten a little too cold to go around in the buff,"

Eddie said, having decided that, whether straight or gay, their visitor showed all signs of being one nice-looking hunk of manhood. All that stood between, complete verification of that fact was the bulky parka still concealing much of Mack's body.

Mack certainly didn't look as if he had been upset by walking in on two queers humping in front of a fire.

"Sorry about barging in without knocking," Mack said. His gloves were off. He was holding the palms of his bare hands up to the flames. "I was a little too cold to think much about amenities."

"Have you been out in that mess since it began?" Talbot asked. He was frankly beginning to be a little sorry he and Eddie had been so quick to put back on their clothes. The prospect of being snowed in with yet another stud who wasn't adverse to pulling down his pants and joining in the fun was certainly a sexy notion.

Shit, even if the guy were straight, it didn't mean he wouldn't welcome the chance to get his cock blown, or fuck a couple of queer assholes.

None of the guy's straight friends was ever going to know what he did in a cabin out in the middle of nowhere. Hell, they would all be so fucking happy to see he had made it through safe and sound, they wouldn't even think of asking whether he made it sexually with his two fellow survivors while waiting for the snow to melt. Yes, by Jesus, this situation did certainly hold out a whole range of possibilities, especially since the guy hadn't said one word about gays... queers... or faggots. He certainly couldn't have missed out on what had been happening at the time of his arrival. Talbot's cum was still smeared on the sleeping bag only a few feet away from where Mack was kneeling to get warm.

"I was, on my way down from the top when it hit," Mack explained.

"There's a cave a few miles up the mountain. I stayed there last night, hoping this mess would blow over by this morning. Hell, can you believe it? It's snowing and blowing out there as if it had all good intentions of continuing to do so for the next six months."

He suddenly realized he was beginning to drool -- and not just because he was in a room with a couple of humpy numbers who weren't above fucking each other. Straights, maybe. Straights, a little uneasy because Mack had stumbled in and found them in the middle of a little gay experimentation.

God knew, they must have thought they were safe enough, what with the storm howling out there in full swing. He would simply have to play this by ear.

"Is that chicken I smell?"

"Jesus, you must be starved," Talbot said, welcoming the excuse to do something. "We've raided the provisions and already begun supper. I'm sure there's plenty for three."

"Goddamn, but that does smell good. I was wondering why I was suddenly beginning to salivate like a mad dog."

Eddie must have recognized the smearing of cum on the sleeping bag, because he scooped up the bag as inconspicuously as possible and hung it, cum stain down, over the back of a chair.

"There should be plenty of food here to last the three of us until the end of all this," Talbot assured, busy taking tin plates and cups out of the cupboard and setting them up on the log, table. "I'm afraid there's not much by way of good wines. But we've melted snow and there's a canister of lemonade granules."

"If that chicken is hot, let me at it!" Mack said, mumbling apologies when he began eating before Eddie and Talbot could join him.

Conversation over dinner was kept to a bare minimum, since it was obvious Mack was -- for the moment -- more interested in warming his guts than in making any attempts at small talk.

A point was reached, however, wherein even Mack warmed up, realizing he wasn't going to freeze to death after all. At that point, overly full, he pushed back his empty plate, removed his parka, and eyed his companions thoroughly for perhaps the first time. He liked what he saw.

"I feel as if I have just returned from the dead," he said. "I must, therefore, thank you two for my salvation. It is doubtful, you know, I would have had the strength to build a fire or open a can after I got here." Eddie somehow

doubted the validity of that statement. The guy certainly hadn't been at his best when he had come stumbling in, but his quick recovery seemed to point toward his being in damned good physical condition despite it all.

Mack, meanwhile, was trying to decide, once again, whether these two guys were gays, or if they had been doing what a lot of straight men did on the sly.

Neither looked like the stereotype gay. But then, very few gays did these days. Actually, you had to look far and wide anymore to find a limp wrist or a lilty voice or a swishy walk. Then, when you did find it, the chances were more than good that you'd found a husband with ten kids who had never fucked another man in his whole life.

"My name is Mack, by the way," he said, extending his hand first to Eddie, then to Talbot.

The handshakes told him nothing except his companions could have been lumberjacks. Although, neither had delivered greetings that were bone crushing.

Talbot introduced himself and then Eddie. He then asked if Mack would be interested in the last piece of chicken. Mack declined the offer in favor a spot over by the fireplace.

"Eddie and I have it figured that this storm can't holdout much longer,"

Talbot said. He and Eddie had decided to join Mack by the fire. Having stacked the dishes, they figured one or another of the three would get to them later. "In all the times we be been up here, we've never seen anything like this blow through at this time of year."

"You two get up here often, then?" Mack asked, obviously curious.

"Usually two or three times a year," Eddie said. "You?"

"We must have just missed each other," Mack said. "I used to come up here all of the time with my lov..." He purposely caught himself, thinking that, if

these two were savvy, they would have had no trouble catching the gist of what he had about said. "Another guy."

Eddie and Talbot exchanged glances. Which had Mack pretty much convinced these studs were putting two and two together far more quickly than any straights would have done.

"This other guy and I used to do things up here on occasion, too," Mack said, deciding to commit himself even further. Hell, they certainly couldn't be hypocritical enough to get indignant over what he and another guy had done, considering how he had found them upon his arrival.

"Usually not here at the cabin, though. You can't really be sure who might come dropping in -- if you know what I mean."

"You can say that again," Talbot said and smiled.

"Yeah, you can't even be sure who will drop in during a blizzard," Eddie added.

They all laughed.

From that point, it didn't take too long for Mack to find out Eddie and Talbot weren't lovers -- certainly not lovers who were out to monopolize each other. Which meant, the doors had suddenly been thrown open to all sorts of possibilities. Possibilities which showed all indications of being fully explored once Mack suggested they zip all three sleeping bags together.

"We can share body heat, in case the fire goes out in the middle of the night," he said with a little hint of innocence.

"We certainly wouldn't want to risk you freezing to death after our having saved you once, now would we?" Talbot added with an accompanying grin.

So, they zipped the bags together and spread the result out on the floor, it being too big for any of the bunks. They began to undress.

Eddie and Talbot were suddenly focusing most of their attention on Mack's emerging flesh. They, after all, had seen each other naked plenty of times. Seeing Mack naked, however, was a treat they were both looking forward to.

It turned out to be well worth waiting for, too. Mack had nothing to be ashamed of under his clothes. Actually, he had a hell of a lot to flaunt... if he'd been the kind of guy to flaunt it.

He had square pectorals, each holding a brown nipple along its lower fold. The cleavage between the pectorals was a deep one, opening on an abdominal plane that was absent of fat mid hard with muscle. His navel, sitting amid the scalloped design, was a perfect swirl that was slightly elevated and was surrounded by a halo of brown hair that trailed downward toward that thicker mass of pubic hair still hidden beneath his pants.

Eddie's initial suspicions had been correct. Here, indeed, they had lucked onto one hell of a handsome and hunky number. Christ, what a loss it would have been had Mack frozen to death out there, somewhere between the cave and the cabin.

Mack undid his belt buckle. He unsnapped the button that held together the waistband of his trousers. The undone snap revealed more brown hair.

He hooked his thumb and index finger to his zipper and pulled down. He dropped his pants, revealing a crotch and ass covered by a pair of tight jockey shorts made out of black cotton material. His cock, obviously hard, formed a bulged ridge in the cloth, shooting up from his muscled legs toward his left hip bone. If the cock had been positioned a little more to center, there was little doubt but that its pulpy head would have found itself pushed up beyond the waistband as far as Mack's navel.

Once again, Eddie and Talbot (both of whom had arrived at basically the same condition of undress as Mack) exchanged glances. They were obviously wondering if what they were seeing could be evidence of the real thing.

It seemed against all odds that Eddie, with a ten-inch cock, and Talbot, with one measuring in at eleven inches, could have suddenly found themselves snowed in with a stud who came equipped with meat that equalled, if not surpassed, their own.

Mack hooked his thumbs to the top of his undershorts, as if he were quite prepared to let Eddie and Talbot see if what they hoped was there was actually there. However, at just the last minute, he stopped. He flashed a wide smile that revealed his white teeth.

"Not that I'm expecting anyone else. But maybe I should stick a chair in front of the door. Just in case. The next guy through might not be as anxious to convert this natural threesome into an orgy of four."

"I would say you have just made a very sound suggestion," Talbot agreed.

Not only was his excitement increased by being denied sight of Mack's prick for a few seconds more, but Mack's point had been well taken. It had only been luck that Mack had been so accustomed to the sight of two men fucking that he hadn't been shocked by what he had seen. The chance of the next person through the door being just as liberal seemed hardly likely. "I think we'll be able to hear anyone who knocks -- storm or no storm."

Mack proceeded to put the chair into place. While Eddie and Talbot, who really had no excuse for putting off the dropping of their drawers, pulled down their shorts and bared their all.

Mack, naturally, made it a point to finish with his chore before either of his companions could crawl into the sleeping bag without his checking them out.

"Nice," he said, eyeing both of them. They had actually stopped, standing still for his scrutiny, although both seemed a little embarrassed. "Real nice. But, I guess I'm not the first guy who ever told the two of you that, am I?"

"You're certainly one of the most studly," Eddie said.

"Jesus, but I would have felt as insecure as all hell, bringing a four-inch cock into this little grouping," Mack said, his thumbs back in the waistband of his shorts, as if preparing -- once again -- to drop them.

"We're neither one of us size queens," Eddie assured. "So, if that is nothing but a dildo you have stuffed in those shorts of yours, we're not about to throw you back out into the cold."

Mack laughed, genuinely amused.

Eddie's and Talbot's initial embarrassment beneath Mack's scrutiny had quickly passed. Mack had been right, after all, in having assumed he hadn't been the first man to compliment these two. That they could have still managed the embarrassment, anyway, was only an indication of how neither had ever become so stuck on himself as to get over the guilt of having been given so much while so many had been given so little.

However, in a whole world of have-nots, Eddie and Talbot had certainly struck paydirt this time around. Mack Martin not only had one hell of a handsome face (brown eyes, dimpled left cheek, square jawline, cleft chin), one hell of a hunky body (delineated muscles displayed on a thoroughly athletic physique), but he came with one hell of a big cock (definitely not a four-inch prick attached to a seven-inch piece of rubber).

"We had better all take advantage of our time here," Talbot said, licking his lips as his eyes feasted on the swollen mass of cock which was so hard he couldn't have guessed Mack had sucked it off just a few hours before.

"Because, getting three like us together, throwing all modesty aside, isn't likely to happen again in a very long time. Unless, of course, we make arrangements to be sure it doesn't all end here."

"For all we know, Mack is liable to leave, here thinking he is well rid of us," Eddie said. Although he didn't believe that for a moment. When he and Talbot got through with, Mack, the stud was going to know he had been worked over by pros. "Maybe we had better let him see if what we've got here is for more than show before we start exchanging addresses."

"Is it to bed, then?" Talbot asked, nodding toward the linked sleeping bags.

So, they went to the bags, lying down on top of them, rather than inside of them. Mainly because they were all voyeuristic enough to want to see what was going on. After all, the presence of so much masculine good-looks and muscle in one place was something to be seen. Definitely not something to be concealed beneath cover.

To assure they wouldn't get cold, Talbot added more wood to the fire before returning to that matter which had his cock so stiffly erect in front of his belly it seemed threatening to break off as a result of its own tremendous weight.

It was only natural that Mack should become the focus of what followed.

Eddie and Talbot, after all, had had each other before. While they continued to enjoy each other, and would undoubtedly continue to do so for a good many more years to follow, they realized what they had here was possibly a once in a lifetime occurrence. If they were able to get together with Mack again -- well, that would be a bonus. However, one couldn't bank on bonuses. It was best to live for the moment. Eddie and Talbot were prepared to take full advantage of the unexplored studly body available to them.

Mack, therefore, became the center of the sandwich: Eddie to the rear, Talbot to the front.

Mack had no objections to how things were progressing. He could think of no greater turn-on at the moment than being the object of whatever attentions these two studs were out to heap on him. His mind flashed with the picture he had been confronted with upon first entering the cabin: naked bodies, one fucking the other; hot cum squirted to a wet puddle on a sleeping bag; more cum squirted to make opaque roadways along the cheeks of an erotically muscled ass.

They began simply enough. They were, after all, in no big hurry. They had all night. Possibly all the next day. Maybe even all week. God only knew when the blizzard in progress was going to stop, especially since it had no real business being there to begin with.

Besides, it took time to literally feel out a new body, discover its likes and dislikes, discover if its owner had any hang-ups. Of course, one could have merely made up a list of questions and then delivered them: Do you suck? Do you fuck? Do you eat ass? Do you like, to get fist-fucked? However, asking was always somehow less conducive to pleasure than finding out in other, more subtle ways.

It was Talbot who discovered Mack was not adverse to kissing. It was surprising how many men were. As if there was something about mating lips with another man that was more emasculating than the mating of mouth to cock, or of mating cock to an asshole.

Mack, though, kissed. And he thoroughly enjoyed doing so. He wasn't a novice at it, either. Talbot was quick enough to discover that fact as his tongue battled with Mack's tongue, as the two eagerly exchanged the warmth of their spit.

Eddie, meanwhile, was prepared to make best use of what he had available to him. Actually, in the long run, he figured he had more than enough to satisfy him. If he had surrendered Mack's mouth and cock to Talbot's expertise, he had kept Mack's asshole for himself.

Eddie had no doubt that there was much pleasure to be had from the hole nestled securely between Mack's two muscled buns. That is, if Mack wasn't one of those studs who believed in fucking only as long as he was on the delivering end of the stick.

Eddie, though, knew he could count on Talbot to help improvise if Mack rebelled when Eddie's cock got too close to the handsome stud's tight asshole.

He began at Mack's neck, licking and kissing ears and earlobes while Talbot's tongue battled sensuously with the tongue in Mack's eager mouth.

He licked down Mack's back, his tongue washing away sweat and tastes which had been gathered to the skin over the past few days Mack had been camping out.

The taste were delicious. The smells were exciting. All were aphrodisiacs that made Eddie more anxious to claim those heavier tastes and smells existing within the sweaty crease of Mack's ass.

Eddie began playing with Mack's pucker with a finger before his wet tongue had ever reached it. Some men allowed a finger but not a tongue.

Some had allowed tongue but not cock. There were all sorts of variations, all somehow based on a man's definition of manhood and how he saw that definition applying to him.

Mack didn't seem at all concerned that Eddie's fingertip was on his pucker. In fact, if Eddie wasn't mistaken, Mack actually obliged by wiggling his asshole as if to hurry the penetration of his bowels. Which was certainly encouraging.

What was even more encouraging was that Mack actually groaned his pleasure into Talbot's mouth when Eddie's finger dove to such a depth that it touched the prostate up Mack's asshole. Nor did Mack put much protest as Eddie's tongue licked closer and closer, finally arriving at the small of his back -- within easy attacking distance of the asshole now plugged with finger.

Talbot albeit reluctantly, surrendered Mack's mouth for a little licking of his own... down the chest to first one nipple and then the other. His teeth worked as well, nibbling the taut centers of the nipples, tugging at them playfully.

"I wouldn't have missed this blizzard for the world," Mack said, his voice low and throaty. His hands had gone to Talbot's head, coiling through silky strands of black hair.

He lifted his right leg, hooking it over Talbot's left hip. He did it so the crack of his ass would spread to give Eddie's tongue easier access.

Oh, yes, he knew where that tongue was headed. He wanted it there, too, jabbed up his asshole, filling him with enough spit so Eddie's cock would find a slick passageway on which to travel. Because, what Mack was really

waiting for was Eddie's cock. Jesus, how he did want the feel of that huge, circumcised cock jabbed to the boy's hairy balls up his asshole.

"Delicious... delicious," Talbot said, moving down from Mack's nipples to the runway of muscle that ridged the young man's abdominals. "You taste like a man, you stud. You feel like a man. You've got a cock like a man.

Do you fuck like a man, too?"

"Want to try my cock on for size?" Mack asked, his hands still combing through Talbot's hair.

"We'll see," Talbot said. "First, we'll see if that cock of yours fits up my mouth. Then, we'll move on from there."

"Your asshole took Eddie's cock, didn't it?" Mack said with a deep grunt as Eddie's finger pulled completely free of his rectum. "Surely my cock isn't so much bigger that you would have anymore of a problem with it than you had with Eddie's monster."

"This cock of yours just might be the straw to break this poor camel's back," Talbot said, fisting Mack's hard cock. "There are times, you know, when I think Eddie's cock is going to the one which ends up splitting me in two. So, although your cock way be only a bit bigger than Eddie's monster prick who's to say that little extra bulk isn't going to be all that will be needed to fissure my asshole from the small of my back to the base of my balls?"

"And, maybe it'll crack your mouth from ear to ear?" Mack ventured with obvious amusement.

"We'll see," Talbot assured. Actually, he had already decided he would let his asshole try on this cock for size... after he had first drenched down the monster with a good gallon of slippery lubricating saliva.

Talbot had scooted down farther so that his face was right next to Mack's pulpy cock-head. He had no sooner finished speaking than he was putting his pursed lips to cock. With a hearty sucking, his lips dropped immediately

down to the point where Mack's thick foreskin had been peeled back to form a turtlenecking.

"Oh... fuuuuucking... Christ!" Mack groaned. Not only because Talbot had sucked up the tip of his cock, but because Eddie had chosen that precise moment to affix his mouth over Mack's pucker and push his tongue through the sphincter ring.

Knowing he was pleasing, Eddie was only stirred on to greater efforts.

His hands pushed cheeks farther apart. He twisted his face so that he could see between Mack's open legs to where Mack's balls bulged. At that position, he could also see Talbot's lips ovaled about the head of Mack's cock. As he watched, Talbot's mouth dropped farther... farther...

Talbot's lips gummed the base of Mack's cock. Eddie's mouth was leeched to Mack's flavorful asshole, his tongue probing for the tastes behind the winked pucker.

With one tongue wrapping his cock, and one tongue fucking his asshole, Mack was beset by wave after wave of unbelievable pleasure.

He tried to remember when the last time had been when he had found himself subjected to such a pleasurable situation. The answer, of course, was never. Oh, he had been involved in his share of enjoyable threeways.

There had been a time there, after Jim and before Bob, when he added himself every week to the orgies at the baths. However, he had never lucked out with two studs of this calibre. He had never been so willing to completely surrender his body, either.

To think he had gone from the hell of a blizzard to the fiery paradise of a tongue up his asshole and a mouth around his cock -- incredible.

Jesus, he was already climbing the walls, while knowing it would likely only get better... and better... and better.

After his finger had fucked Mack's asshole, and after his mouth and tongue had serviced that same hole, Eddie knew he and Talbot had run onto one very special guy in the form of Mack Martin. Eddie had no more questions as to whether or not Mack would take cock up his ass. Eddie knew that Mack would. Mack, like Eddie and Talbot, was confident enough of his own masculinity so that he didn't feel threatened by the presence of another man's hard cock fucking up his asshole.

Eddie dropped his hand to fist his own stiff cock, guiding its rubbery cock-head into the crease of Mack's butt.

Mack turned his head over his right shoulder to see Eddie looking at him.

Eddie's blue-green eyes were dilated.

"Fuck me," Mack whispered. "You know I want you to fuck me, too, don't you? Ever since I saw your fat cock pulling from Talbot's asshole and spewing your seed over his asscheeks. I've wanted that prick shoved to your blond balls up my butt."

So, as it turned out, Mack would not only take cock up his ass, but he would even go as far as to beg for it.

"I want to feel it speeding into my belly, pushing my guts to one side, jabbing its fat head into the base of my throat," he said, feeling the pleasurable ecstasy derived from the mere gentle rubbing of Eddie's pulpy cock-head against wrinkled pucker. "You will do that for me, won't you, Eddie? You will do... aaaaagghhhhh!"

Yes, Eddie did it for him all right. He fed Mack's asshole ten inches of hard cock in one quick thrust that brought the blond's hard belly loudly slapping into Mack's ass. If, in reality, it didn't manage to penetrate through Mack's stomach, pushing guts to one side to lodge within the base of Mack's throat, it certainly seemed as if it had done just that.

"Ohhhhhhh... sweet... Jesus... God!" Mack grunted. He was so consumed by the sensations spiraling through him as a result of the cock jabbed up his asshole, he hardly knew his cock had been freed by Talbot's hot, mouth.

Talbot had known the minute Eddie's cock had stuck Mack's asshole, because the moment it happened, Mack's cock had gone as stiff as a poker in his face. It had trembled. It had leaked a massive string of preseminal juice to coat Talbot's tongue. Talbot hadn't swallowed the lubricant. He had merely added it to the spit with which he was then sucking up Mack's prick.

Finding Mack's cock as soaked as it could possibly get, Talbot had chosen that moment to surrender it. Because, if Eddie's cock was discovering the joys of Mack's asshole, Talbot had an asshole to show Mack's cock what fucking was all about.

Talbot turned his back toward Mack. He reached behind his ass and found Mack's cock waiting. He had obviously done a good job in slicking Mack's prick with spit. The cock was so slippery, he had trouble keeping it contained within his fingers.

He maneuvered to push the rubbery crown of Mack's cock into the crease of his ass. He shifted his ass and hand until he felt what he wanted to feel: cock-head against his pucker. He bucked his ass back, grunted loudly as the immense knob and fat neck of Mack's cock penetrated with a combination of pleasure and pain.

"Grrruunnngghgh!" Mack groaned, his sounds intermingling with those Talbot was making as the cock sunk deeper... and deeper... and deeper up Talbot's asshole.

Mack was suddenly disoriented. Attacked from both ends, he found the pleasure had caused fireworks to go off inside his brain. The sensations were almost orgasmic, except there was no expulsion of cum.

He found himself wondering who he was, where he was, who or what it was which was raising so much havoc with his guts.

"I'm splitting!" Talbot squealed. Yet, even as it was feeling as if that very thing was happening, he was compelled by inner needs to buck his ass back into Mack's crotch in order to sink the very last of the stiff inches up his asshole.

His butt socked Mack's belly, having swallowed all there was of the cock whose base was so firmly rooted in his asshole.

His mouth opened, shut, opened again. He was trying to groan, but he had momentarily lost his voice. He looked very much like a fish out of water... a fish with a thin trail of drool emerging slowly from the left corner of his opening and closing mouth.

The slamming of Talbot's ass into Mack's crotch had shoved Mack's ass back even more tightly against Eddie's cupping pelvis. At the exact moment Mack's cock was the most securely anchored up asshole as it was going to get, Eddie's erection was equally lost up a funky, gripping anal pit.

Mack, stuck and being stuck, could do little more than groan wildly.

Eddie wasn't much better off. Not that any, of them was really in bad shape: bad denoting the absence of pleasure. Because, if there was one thing they were all feeling at that moment, it was certainly pleasure.

Not pain. Hell, no! Whatever pain had accompanied the drive of Mack's cock up Talbot's asshole was completely lost amid the pleasure... and had been lost there from the very beginning.

"Fuck... fuck... fuck my ass!" Talbot screamed, having finally found his voice.

Mack, sandwiched as he was between the two studly bodies, was hardly in a position that allowed him much freedom of movement. So Talbot did what was necessary. He swung his hips slowly forward, allowing the cock to come free as far as its head. He then quickly replaced his butt right back over the cock, his asshole swallowing it all up again.

It was a good indication of their expertise that none of them had prematurely ejaculated, despite the raging pleasure. It was further evidence in that they managed -- despite skyrocketing ecstasy -- to somehow find a working rhythm that could simultaneously fuck two cocks up two tightly clutching assholes.

Mack's body stayed comparatively static, moving only when automatic reflexes were triggered that caused his lower body to go through fucking motions. Mainly, though, it was Eddie who pumped his cock up Mack's ass, while Talbot's butt bounced back and forth to accept and release Mack's swollen cock.

Eddie's hand could reach as far as Talbot's chest, could find a hard nipple there, could squeeze it. When he was finished there, he could find both of Mack's nipples and squeeze them, too. Finally, he could drop his hand down between Mack's belly and Talbot's back, could find Mack's scrotum, could squeeze it.

"Oh, fuck me... fuck meeeeeee!" Mack grunted. "Fuck me... fuck me while... my big, big... cock fucks... tight, tight... asshole."

"Yes," Eddie promised, wondering if that was, really his voice. How breathless it sounded. "I'll fuck you... fuck you... Jesus, fuck you!"

Sounds: moans, groans, sighs, guttural grunts, juices sloshing as they were stirred by fucking cocks.

Smells: sweaty, musky, sexual.

Outside, the wind blew, the snow fell. It was cold and getting colder.

Inside, the heat was on the increase. Not from the wood fire. That heat was fairly constant. Rather, the heat was rising steadily inside the studly male bodies presently in rut. Sweat was beginning to stream down their ecstatic faces.

"Jesus, I'm going to come!" Mack proclaimed suddenly as if that thought surprised him. Although, why it did surprise him was surprising in itself. He was, after all, fucked and being fucked. His body was hot with pleasure.

It couldn't last. There was simply no way on God's earth it could have gone on... for one moment... longer.

"Aaannghh!" Mack bellowed, his eyes going wide.

"Come, stud!" Eddie commanded, smacking his belly hard against Mack's sweaty ass, squeezing his fingers about Mack's suddenly erupting nuts.

"Aaaaagh... aagghhh... aggghhh!" Mack yelled, his sperm emptying up Talbot's asshole just as the flooding began from Eddie's swollen erection.

"Take it... take it... Jesus, take it!" Eddie commanded, feeling himself drowning in the wave upon wave of ecstasy which flooded through him.

Talbot sat completely over Mack's exploding cock. He dropped his right hand to his own cock, took hold and began beating.

It didn't take long. Just... a... few... up and down... pumps.

So, although Eddie and Mack were pretty well through climaxing by the time Talbot finally got around to getting his nuts off, no one seemed to notice the delay, least of all Talbot.

"I'm comming!" he bellowed, his spurting wads of sperm shooting with such force he missed catching the first of them on his whipping fingers.

"Oh... my... Christ... my, Jesus Christ... I'm comming... commmmmming!"

His asshole tightened, squeezing stale sperm from Mack's cock.

Mack's asshole tightened, squeezing stale sperm from Eddie's cock.

"My God, I feel as if I've been run through a wringer," Eddie moaned, having barely come to his senses.

"Amen," Mack mumbled in response. Talbot only groaned something undecipherable to everyone -- including himself.

CHAPTER FIVE

"Jesus H. Christ!" Daryl Mason moaned, hearing the telephone ringing.

He burrowed even deeper into the blankets and hoped the phone would quit.

It didn't.

"Oh, shit!" he groaned, struggling to throw the covers off until his head came up where his feet should have been. No wonder the Goddamned phone sounded as if it were ringing in another room.

Daryl had a hangover which wasn't all that strange, since -- as of late -

- there hadn't been much for anybody to do at the Bear Creek Lodge but drink.

With all of the snow, you would have thought it was winter. It certainly had screwed up a lot of people who had come for the hiking. No one could go hiking in snow up to his ass. This was weather for skiers. Actually, it was too bad even for skiers. Besides, all of the skiers had gone home a long time ago. There was never snow like this at this time of the year, for Christ's sake.

The phone was still ringing when he reached it. Although he had given it plenty of time to stop before he got there. He couldn't figure out which of his friends was sadistic enough to call him on the morning after tying on a drunk. For the life of him, he couldn't believe any of them were in any better condition than he was.

"Mason here," he said from the habit, speaking into the mouthpiece and praying whomever it was on the other end wouldn't speak too loudly.

"Yes, Mr. Mason. This is Kenneth Teller."

Daryl didn't know a Kenneth Teller.

"My friend and I thought we might arrange to get in a little skiing."

"You certainly do have the weather for it," Daryl replied, not really believing this guy was serious. None of the ski lifts was working.

Management had let off all the winter help weeks ago.

He opened one eye (he had been operating in the dark up until then) and caught a glimpse of a panorama beyond the window that was pure misery.

Hell, even in the skiing season, you didn't have anyone out on the slopes in this kind of shit.

This had to be a joke!

"Actually, we came up for the hiking," Kenneth went on to explain. "But, the weather seems to have stymied us on that front."

"You and several other disappointed people," Daryl said automatically.

Actually, his mind was drifting elsewhere, to the kid last night in the can. One of the kids from that youth group who had come up to hike the High Crest Trail, without anything else to do, had sought amusement by sucking cock and getting his young cock sucked off in the basement latrine.

The lodge had been snowed in for three days. The natives were getting restless. Hell, the weather was shitty. They couldn't even get anyone out to look for the people who hadn't made it back down after the storm had hit the mountain.

Surely, this guy had to be kidding with his crap about him and his friend wanting to go skiing.

"We've arranged to pick up a couple pair of skis from Mr. Roberts,"

Kenneth went on.

Harold Roberts, that would be, proprietor of the sundries shop located on the main floor. Knowing Roberts, Daryl figured he had probably charged a

pretty penny for dragging out two pair of skis during the off-season.

Most of the stock from the skis shop was in storage. Jerry Myrtle, who ran the shop, was off, enjoying himself in Bermuda or somewhere.

"However, there seems to be a problem of getting up the mountain,"

Kenneth continued. "None of the lifts are in operation. And there seems to be some question of starting them up again without someone in to check out the mechanism."

Daryl would have found all of this thoroughly amusing if he hadn't had a slight headache. As it was, he wished old Kenneth here would get the point.

"All the skiers have packed up and gone home," Daryl said. "It's spring and summer people you have here now. I wouldn't trust them to run the lifts, Mr. Teller, even if they went so far as to volunteer their services."

"I understand, though, that you have a helicopter," Kenneth said.

This was true. Daryl did indeed run the helicopter service. But Kenneth certainly couldn't have been suggesting what Daryl thought he might be suggesting.

"Have you happened to look out of the window lately, Mr. Teller?" Daryl asked, hoping to cut Kenneth off before the old boy really made a jackass out of himself. "If I could get a helicopter off the ground, I would be flying up the mountain to look for missing people. I certainly wouldn't be hiring out my services to private skiing parties."

"It's the Carlyle Run we're interested in," Kenneth continued, undaunted.

"I understand you could get us to the top flying blindfolded."

Daryl could only wonder where Mr. Kenneth Teller had picked up that particular piece of information.

"I really find this too early in the morning for practical jokes," Daryl said.

Then, while Kenneth was in the process of undoubtedly trying to explain away how none of this was a joke, Daryl gently replaced the receiver and cut him off.

Daryl immediately rang the front desk.

"Karen, that you?"

"Not so loud, please," Karen Henley begged from the other end of the line. "God only knows why, but I seem to have this horrible headache this morning."

"God isn't the only one who knows why," Daryl said, feeling a bit better.

Obviously, his improvement had something to do with misery enjoying company. "You were really having one hell of a good time in the bar by the time I got around to stopping in there last night."

"That's good," Karen said. "I would certainly hate to think I got to feeling this way without having a good time somewhere along the way. Now, what can I do for you this fine...?" She must have checked the time. "My God, but what are you doing up so early, anyway? Or aren't you suffering?"

"You passed a call through the switchboard. Remember?"

"Oh, yes, one from room two-ten. That would be Mr. Kenneth Teller, right?"

Or, was it his attractive male friend?"

"Male friend?"

"Don't tell me you've missed all the scuttlebutt about Mr. Teller and his friend," Karen said as if she found that a little hard to believe. "If you have, you're probably the only one around who has."

"I've been out trying to keep roads free of snow. It was only last night all of our efforts proved hopeless. Remember? Or have you been plowed out of your mind since all of this white stuff began to fall?"

"Don't I wish," Karen said. And she meant it. "You can't believe the shit I've had to go through around here since over a hundred people who wanted to be outside hiking have become trapped in this seemingly small building."

"Back to Mr. Teller and his friend. Okay?"

"So, why don't you tell me? He certainly doesn't call me at this time of the morning."

"All I got out of him was that he wanted to go skiing."

"Still has that bee in his bonnet, does he?" Karen asked. "I guess the honeymoon is over, huh?"

"Honeymoon?"

"His friend," Karen said. "Surely, I don't have to go into any details in that regard with you, do I?"

It was pretty much common knowledge around the lodge that Daryl was gay.

He certainly had never broadcast the fact. But he had never gone out of his way to keep it a secret, either. All in all, it had never given him any particular problems. During the summers, college kids made up the bulk of the employment force at the lodge. College kids were pretty much geared to a live-and-let-live attitude. And since bisexuality was something of a big thing on many college campuses, a lot of the guys were only too willing to climb into bed with someone as good-looking and as hunky as the inresidence copter pilot. Daryl's main problem, as a matter of fact, was always the girls. During the course of every season, there would be one to get a crush on him. He had a difficult time trying to explain how he was gay and not bi. He simply couldn't get it up for women.

"Well, if he should try to get me again, please tell him I'm out of the building -- without bothering to ring through, will you?"

"Trying to make him raise the ante?"

"What, ante?"

"I hear he ended up paying Roberts over five hundred bucks for those skis. Used ones, too, the way I heard it. A few pair Roberts had had stuffed off in an old closet for years. God knows how much Teller is going to end up offering you to get him to a spot where he can put those skis of his to some use."

"I'm not going anywhere but to sleep," Daryl said. "You will help me get my beauty rest, won't you?"

"I suppose it wouldn't kill me, would it?"

"I'll owe you."

"Yea, you sure will," she told him and then broke the connection.

He surprised himself by falling immediately to sleep and staying that way for six hours. When woke up, he actually didn't feel half-bad. He knew, because he was hungry. If a hangover was going to be a real bastard, he would usually find he could go for a whole day with even the slightest thoughts of food making him feel queasy.

He threw back the blankets and got out of bed. Since someone had finally gotten the clunky furnace back to work (it, like everything else, had been turned off weeks ago) the room was at least warm. Which it hadn't been the first night the wind and the snow had socked in the mountain.

He went to the window. He could see there had been little change over the last few hours. It was still snowing. It was still blowing. And the fog was the kind always portrayed in horror films.

It looked like it was going to be another day of weather too bad to go looking for survivors. Which was a shame. While most everyone had miraculously managed to come struggling in, there were at least three other people somewhere up on that mountain.

Goddamn, but Daryl would sure as hell have hated being in their shoes.

Just thinking about being stuck out in that mess gave him gooseflesh.

He headed for the bathroom. If he hurried, he could shower and shave and still get to the dining room before the kitchen quit serving lunch.

He peeled off his T-shirt: that and his jockey shorts were what he always wore in lieu of pajamas.

The small mirror in the small bathroom didn't throw back much by way of a total reflection of Daryl's superb body, but Daryl didn't need to see his physique to know it was a good one.

High-school sports had gotten his body firmed up to begin with. Two years in Nam as a copter pilot had drained off all excess fat. After Nam, he had liked the body he had and had gone out of his way to keep it in top shape.

What with the exceptional body, and the handsome face that went with it, Daryl had never had the least problem getting together with guys who were as interested in gay sex as he was. None of his relationships had been long-lasting, but that was probably Daryl's fault. He figured he was simply too independent to settle down. Although he occasionally ran across someone who made him reconsider -- for a moment.

He knew he was going to make it through the rest of the day without, suffering any after-effects from his drunk of the previous night when he managed to stay steady enough throughout his whole shave not to cut himself.

He rinsed off the excess soap. Dried his face. Splattered on some after-shave that stung while smelling pleasantly of lime.

He then took a good look at his, face in the mirror.

He wasn't really checking for wrinkles. He kept telling himself he wasn't someone who got paranoid about approaching old age. Worrying about the wrinkles was only going to make a person look even more harried. Besides, lines gave a man's face character.

He did, however, give an audible sigh of relief when he saw no obvious indications of having suffered physically from his recent debauchery.

Except, of course, for the whites of his eyes having gone more than a little bloodshot. That, he hoped, could be cleared up by a few drops of Murine.

His irises were gray. They were shielded by thick lashes and well-defined brows.

He had hair that changed color according to the seasons, going from very light brown in the winter to an attractive blond when the summer sun had a chance to get at it. It was more blond than brown now, but that was because -- although no one would have ever guessed -- there had been several days of genuinely scorching heat since winter had officially ended at the lodge.

His hair was tousled now because he had just gotten out of bed. However, it was usually just as attractively mussed during any part of any given day. As he kept his hair comparatively short (he had become accustomed to wearing it short in Nam and was only now letting it grow out) its uncombed state usually added, rather than detracted, from his exceptional good looks.

Satisfied his face was holding up, he ran his hands along his hips, over his tight belly, and back along his ass, searching for signs of fat. He didn't find any.

He went to the shower, adjusted the spray, dropped his underpants, stepped into the water.

The spray felt good. There were few things he had ever found comparable to the sensual pleasure to be derived from a long, hot shower. There was simply something about the caress of warm water along his flesh that was almost -- almost, but not quite -- as good as sex.

He soaped down, rinsed, and soaped himself again. His cock started to swell when he made sure to peel back his thick foreskin to wash the pulpy corona beneath it. He was more than a little tempted to jack off.

However, he didn't want to waste the time. He was hungry, and the dining room officially closed at two. Of course, since he was a regular around, the lodge, he had access to the kitchen, even after closing. If he were really starving, he could always find a cook who would take pity on him and let him raid, the pantry. Problem was, he was almost sure Tina Wilson, a little coed from some midwestern school who worked in, the kitchen until supper, was sweet on him. That he had told her he was gay hadn't seemed to make too much of a difference. It actually made some women even more excited, as a matter of fact.

Christ, but he hoped Tina wasn't one of those well-meaning cunts who thought she was all Daryl needed to get himself back on the straight and narrow.

He washed his hair, rinsed it, stood for more minutes under the soothing flush of water before finally turning it off.

He came out of the shower, reaching for a large Turkish towel. He dried his hair first, knowing its shortness would have it pretty much in a presentable condition by the time he finished with the rest of his body.

Which it was.

He dressed in long underwear, wool pants, wool shirt and knit sweater.

Goddamn, but he would have never guessed winter was over. Although there was the furnace back in operation, the main rooms of the lodge, the dining room included, could still manage to get a bit drafty.

He took one more look through the window, seeing no change whatsoever from what he had seen when awakened by Mr. Teller's phone call earlier that morning.

The guy had to be crazy as holy shit to even want to go skiing out in that mess. Hell, if he had someone with him so good looking that even Karen had commented on it in passing, he should have taken his stud into his room, locked the door, and sucked and fucked until the weather or his cock

broke. That, sure as hell, was what Daryl would have done if he had had a nice warm body available to him for the taking.

Get your mind off your cock and back on your poor empty belly, he told himself, stepping out into the hallway and locking the door to his room.

Inside his pants, his cock was stirring to an even more distinct stiffness. Wearing wool pants always seemed to give him a hard-on. It didn't make any difference there was underwear separating his tender skin from the scratching wool material.

He checked to make sure he was alone in the corridor, and then used his right hand to adjust his swelling cock to a far more comfortable position.

"Oh, Mr. Mason!" Karen called as Daryl was on his way past the reception desk.

He veered in her direction and leaned over the counter. She was sitting behind the switchboard.

"I'm supposed to ask you to get in touch with Mr. Teller at the first opportune moment."

"Jesus!" Daryl said. "Not the ski freak!"

"He does seem determined to make it up that mountain."

"He has got to be crazy. Even if he did get up there, how in the hell is he planning to get down?"

"He'll put on his skis and aim them in a downhill direction," Karen said.

"And you know what? On the Carlyle Run, that is pretty much all he'll need to do."

"Until he reached the bottom and comes skiing in through the picture windows lining the dining room," Daryl said.

Karen laughed.

"Do me a big favor and tell Mr. Teller you've been unable to reach me, will you?" Daryl asked, pushing away from the counter.

"He's in there, now, you know," Karen called out, using her sweetest voice.

Daryl did an about-face and came back to the counter.

"Who is in where?" he wanted to know.

"Mr. Teller is in the dining room," Karen said, smiling. She had a dimple at the lower left corner of her mouth. She was cute -- for a girl. She had tried her luck with Daryl two years ago. She had been a good loser.

Actually, she was a good friend.

"Oh, Christ!" Daryl moaned. "And wouldn't you know I'm starving to death."

"You don't look as if you're wasting away yet."

"Well, that just goes to show what you know." He stood for a moment, contemplating a plate of roast beef and mashed potatoes.

"How's he going to know who I am, huh?" he asked finally, afraid Karen might find a flaw in that particular line of reasoning. Which she promptly proceeded to do.

"He's already checked out the pictures in our gallery of local stats,"

Karen informed. Her smile was growing even wider.

Her reference had been in regard to a display case that sat off to one end of the main lounge area. Still holding photographs taken during that year's official skiing season, it contained one picture (distinctly labeled) which showed Daryl after he had flown two injured skiers down the mountain. One of the skiers had been so severely injured in a fall, it had been impossible to bring him down by anything but a helicopter.

"I tell you, I'm starving," Daryl insisted, hoping Karen would come up with something.

"Aren't you sweet on some cute thing on the kitchen staff?" Karen asked.

"Or is she sweet on you?"

"Don't be bitchy!" Daryl chided. "You're way too pretty to be bitchy!"

"Anyway, how do you know that you and Mr. Teller won't hit it off together? He's not all that bad. Besides, I think he and his other half have had a lover's quarrel or something."

"Goddamn, from bitch to matchmaker in a two second interval."

"I'm only trying to be helpful," Karen said. "Our Mr. Teller is obviously rolling in money. He has the waiters and waitresses scrambling in their rush to wait on his table to pick up the big tips he's been dropping lately."

"Do I look like I'm ready to add myself to the scramble?" Daryl asked.

"All I know is that I'm just waiting for someone to drop by and pick up my tab," Karen said. "So why are all the good-looking and rich ones gay?"

"HMMMMMMM," Daryl hummed noncommittally as he checked his watch.

He really wasn't up to trying to explain to Kenneth Teller just why it was impossible, and certainly too risky, to take a helicopter up in such heavy and gusting winds.

"You keep watch, will you?" Daryl asked. "I've still got twenty minutes before they officially shut the doors. I'll be back in fifteen, hoping to hear that Mr. Teller has left, having scattered his big tips behind him."

"If not, I'm sure we can drum you up a stale sandwich somewhere."

"You are all heart," Daryl told her, blowing a swishy kiss.

He really had all intentions of finding a convenient corner and hiding there for fifteen minutes, but he happened to catch a glimpse of a familiar face heading for a familiar place. Anyway, the kid looked something like the one whose cock Daryl had sucked off in the can the night before. Of course, Daryl couldn't be certain. Last night he had been so potted, he hadn't been able to get an erection of his own, even though he did vaguely remember the kid asking more than once if he could suck on Daryl's big prick.

The can in question was the one in the basement of the lodge, probably popular with the gay set because it was admittedly a little out of the way.

The kid who Daryl had been following was definitely heading in that direction. Daryl shadowed. However, once through the door, the kid seemed to disappear. It didn't take too many smarts, though, to figure out he was in one of the stalls.

There were four stalls in all. Three of them were full at the moment. All Daryl could see were feet.

Two pair of tennis shoes (one pair white Nike, one pair blue Adidas) one pair expensive biking boots. For the life of him, he couldn't remember what kind of shoes the kid had been wearing. Not that it made a hell of a lot of difference. There was, after all, only the one stall available --

the end one -- located next to the stall displaying the feet of Mr.

Hiking Boots.

Daryl checked his watch, doubting he really had time for sex and lunch.

Still, it was suddenly very tempting to stay. The end stall, he knew from past experience, had a glory hole that would give him a good view of the hiker. If he didn't like what he saw, he could still make it to the dining room in time. If he did like what he saw, well, he'd have a snack here and then risk seduction from Tina in the kitchen where he'd go for a sandwich.

When he stepped into the stall, though, he immediately realized there was an eye already glued to the available hole. So he couldn't very well bend

down right then and there and meet his eyeball to the other one.

This meant he would at least have to go through the motions of taking a piss. Although it would be apparent the minute he pulled out his cock --

if it wasn't already apparent -- that his cock was as stiff as a steel spike and hardly fit for pissing.

Still, if Hiker was straight, he had no business checking out Daryl's stall, anyway. So, he couldn't very well complain if he got a look at something more than he was expecting.

Daryl unzipped his pants, fished in through the breach for his thick cock, and hooked its stiff neck with his fingers. He gave a tug that pulled his hard prick out of his trousers. A scooping of his hand brought his scrotum tumbling out over the open zipper.

He turned to give Hiker a side view and then a full view of cock and balls.

Hiker apparently saw soon enough that Daryl's cock would make a good-sized meal. Because he scratched on the partition with a fingernail and invited Daryl's cock to come closer by flicking a pink tongue through the hole.

Daryl would have preferred seeing who in the hell he was going to stuff his cock into. But he could hardly refuse to feed his cock through the hole until he was sure the face on the other side was a handsome one.

The invitation was simply too inviting to turn down. What Daryl would do was stick his cock through the aperture and pretend the mouth on the other side belonged to the kid he had been following.

"Feed me your cock, stud," a voice whispered. The tongue flicked through once again. "Come on, stick that big cock of yours into my hungry mouth and throat."

It certainly wasn't inconceivable that a teenager would say something like that. Anyway, that's what Daryl told himself as he walked his cock up closer

to the glory hole. He tried to remember just how the kid had asked to suck his cock the night before.

He used his right hand to pry his stiff cock down, aiming its head to the hole. He moved in closer. He felt the sudden wash of the tongue flicking through to sample preseminal juices before Daryl's cock had penetrated as far as the mouth and throat beyond.

Daryl fed his stiff cock through the opening and into the warmth. A snug feeling of wetness crawled slowly from the head of his cock, along the neck of his cock, all of the way to the hairs of his cock. Firm lips gummed to hold Daryl's cock securely while a tongue whipped and teased.

Daryl's flat belly was mashed against the partition. His cock was lodged deeply into someone's throat. An experienced throat it was too! And, the tongue was experienced! And, the lips were experienced!

That still didn't mean it couldn't be a kid on the other end of this hole. Experience at cock-sucking, at least in the present enlightened day and age, had nothing whatsoever to do with age. Daryl had had his cock sucked by young kids who were more pro than some forty-year-old men. He had had some forty-year-old men who couldn't suck cock for shit.

Well, whoever this guy was, he had swung on plenty of other cocks in his lifetime. Maybe in high-school locker rooms.

Hell, even if this wasn't the teenager, he couldn't be too bad. Few fat, out-of-shape men were wearing hiking boots these days. Nor did they show up at a lodge famous for its surrounding hiking trails.

Hiker rode his hot mouth up along the neck of Daryl's cock, watching the wet expanse slipping free of his lips. He lingered lovingly over the pulpy cock-head, sucking to draw whatever liquid he could from the pouted eye punctuating the corona. He dropped back over the cock until his nose and chin were pressing into the partition.

On the other side, Daryl reached his hands upward. His fingers folded over the top of the partition for support. The feeling of the stretched muscles

only added to his pleasure. He pressed his right cheek to the wall, sure his ear was picking up the slobbery sounds of Hiker's face over hard cock.

Hiker's mouth had taken up a series of forward and back, up and down movements. He would suck up all the cock, pause, then ride back in a gliding of taut lips that pushed loose flesh before it.

Daryl's nuts, unable to squeeze through a hole that was hardly large enough to hold the circumference of the cock then fuck through it, hung along the partition. His scrotum moved, hair shifting, his balls becoming fuller and fuller with cum that would eventually go splashing to the depths of an unseen and sucking face.

Daryl widened the position of his feet. His hips began a series of small fucking swings to coincide with the skillful cock. Daryl's muscular asscheeks dimpled inside of his pants each time his lower belly slapped against the partition.

Hiker continued to swallow, continued to chew. His cheeks concaved with his sucking and then began an erotic fluttering. His spit flooded the entire length of the captive hard cock. His lips tightened. His tongue whipped.

Daryl's hips took up a more pronounced fucking rhythm. He bucked back and forth, adding a revolution that twisted his cock in the hole and into the mouth and throat beyond.

Each forward swallowing of the cock continued to mash Hiker's face against the partition.

Each exit of the cock saw the hard tubing leak new oozings of preseminal juices.

Up to the wall, Hiker gobbled. Back to the cockhead, Hiker glided. Up... back... up... back. Again... again... again.

Daryl decided this was, indeed, a hell of a lot better than any confrontations with Kenneth Teller in the dining room. Hell, a guy could always get a

sandwich, but he couldn't always get his cock swung on like Daryl was now getting his healthy prick eaten.

"Eat me... eat me," Daryl whispered, unconcerned his voice would undoubtedly carry to others besides the kid in the next stall. He figured he was safe. If anyone had really wanted to just shit or piss, he would have surely found a more convenient can than this out-of-the-way one.

The way Daryl had it figured, everyone here was here for what Daryl was now getting. They were probably turned on as all hell to hear one of their number being eaten to the verge of rupturing his nuts down one skillful cock-sucker's throat.

"Oh, you beautiful... beautiful... stud... bastard!" Daryl grunted in a low voice. "Strip this hard cock of mine for the load of sticky, hot cream even now on the verge squirting free of my hairy balls."

Hiker had all intentions of doing just that. He wanted the taste of Daryl's cum. He had wanted it from the first moment he had seen the magnificence of the cock and balls in the stall next to his. After a couple of days of feeling as if he were in a high-school can, Hiker had been overjoyed to finally see a real man. He had taken little time in letting that man know his desires. Luckily, this man had been just as needful of getting his cock sucked off as Hiker was needful of delivering the suck.

Oh, there was certainly nothing wrong with a teenager's cock. In fact, there were actually people who preferred that special brand of hardness that is possible only in a young man. Hiker, though, had always preferred the cock of a man to the cock of a boy. The cock he was now sucking proved to him once again that there was nothing quite so tasty as the stiff hardness jutting from the hairy mess of a real man's muscled groin.

"Ohhhhhhh, my God... suck me!" Daryl hissed. His belly came forward with a force that actually, vibrated the woodwork of all four stalls...

"You... cock-sucking bastard... eat me... eat me... Jesus... eat my cock!"

Hiker knew cum was on its way. He had sucked enough cock in his time to know all the signs of an ejaculation, not least of which was the pulsing of the cock inside his mouth and throat.

"I'm commmmmming, you bastaaaaaard!" Daryl grunted. "Oh, Jesus... Jesus..."

Jesus... am I... commmmmming!"

Hiker's lips swooped down the shaft of the cock, holding to each and every inch of the climaxing cock as it jammed through the glory hole.

Hot wads of creamy male spunk were blasted from the mouth of Daryl's prick, splattering the back of Hiker's throat. More wads flooded, converging to form an oozing ocean of cum that was quickly swallowed away within the sucking and gag reflexes.

"Shit... shit... Jesus, shit!" Daryl moaned.

While the orgasm had lasted, he had found it almost too pleasurable to endure. However, now that it was finished, he could only wish for the return of the blazing ecstasy.

Hiker's mouth lingered. His tongue lapped. His right hand milked the stalk of the cock to make sure the last of the delicious sperm had drooled to his licking tongue.

Finally, though, Hiker surrendered his mouthful.

Daryl reluctantly retrieved his cock, finding it returned to him washed clean of any signs of his recent spermal discharge. He sealed it up behind the zipper of his trousers.

He knew what Hiker was probably thinking now. Hiker was thinking Daryl had come there to get his cock sucked, and having gotten it sucked would now leave.

Well, that wasn't quite right. The temptation had suddenly become simply too great for Daryl to bend his head down and take a good look at just

whom had been so expertly swinging on his cock. It seemed highly unlikely the mouth or eye had lingered once Daryl's cock had been sufficiently hidden away behind his closed zipper.

Daryl sat down on the toilet, leaning forward to put his eye to the vacated bole.

Hiker wasn't the teenager Daryl had followed. Actually, he was even better, if not quite as young.

Somewhere in his early twenties, Hiker had blond hair, blue eyes, the kind of boy-next-door good looks one often heard about but very seldom saw.

However, it just wasn't the stud's attractive face, or his obviously nice torso behind a powder-blue sweater which was what caught Daryl's avid attention.

The young man had a beautiful, circumcised cock that was lean and long, capped with a mushroomed head that looked just made for sucking. Daryl scratched at the partition with a fingernail.

He fed his flicking tongue through the glory hole in invitation.

A few seconds later Daryl felt the head of the Hiker's cock touching its preseminal leakage to Daryl's hungry tongue.

A few seconds after that, Daryl's mouth was feeling the sensuous passage of inch after powerful inch of Hiker's long, silky cock-neck slipping to give its rubbery corona a snug haven within Daryl's hugging throat.

CHAPTER SIX

Hiker's name was Jeff MacClaine. He looked just as handsome, just as studly close-up as he had through the glory hole in the toilet.

His smile told Daryl that he remembered the cock-sucking from the basement restroom as much as Daryl did.

"May we sit down?" Kenneth Teller asked. Kenneth wasn't bad-looking, either. Obviously older than Jeff, he had the trim physique and handsome aura of someone who had the funds available to have his body beaten and molded into shape by Swedish masseurs. Further evidence of money was indicated in the fact that both Kenneth and Jeff's clothes were expensive.

Daryl didn't bother asking how the two had made it back into the dining room after the doors had been closed and locked. Money opened doors. It always had, and it probably always would.

"Sure, sit down," Daryl said, taking another healthy bite from his roast beef sandwich. "Can I offer you something to eat?"

"I've eaten," Kenneth said, pulling out a chair at the table and sitting down. "Jeff has, too. Although not in the dining room -- or so he's gone into great detail to inform me." He thought he'd made a private joke.

Jeff, who had taken another chair, let his grin, slip wider over his attractively white teeth.

Daryl had sudden visions of this suddenly becoming a scene made messy by an irate lover who had just heard how his other half had exchanged blow-jobs with Daryl in a basement can.

The vision was short-lived. Kenneth, even if he had known, had other things on his mind besides what Jeff did during his free time. As long as the young stud, continued to get it up whenever Kenneth demanded, there would be no problem. So far, Jeff's huge cock hadn't disappointed him.

"We want to go skiing, Mr. Mason," Kenneth said. "In case you're wondering why we've gone to the bother of searching you out that is."

"I seem to remember you mentioning earlier that you were interested in skiing," Daryl said, taking a large swallow of his milk. "You'll pardon me if I not only failed to believe it then but don't believe it now, either."

"Actually, we did come up to hike the Ridgeway. Faultline," Kenneth said,

"but, Mother Nature seems to have forced us to improvisation."

"The wind is gusting pretty badly out there Mr. Teller," Daryl said, wondering why he even had to bother putting something so obvious into words. "Even if the fog lifted to let us see more than a couple of feet in front of our faces, my helicopter would get blown over the moment it was released from its mooring cables."

"I was out this morning," Kenneth informed, apparently undaunted. "I noticed occasional drops in the wind. Granted, they were sporadic, but..."

"What you're asking is really quite impossible, Mr. Teller!" Daryl said, hoping his tone of voice relayed the finality of that statement.

Apparently not.

"I figure there should be little problem when the copter is off the ground," Kenneth continued. He was obviously a man used to getting his way.

Daryl gave the man a closer look, deciding Kenneth Teller was older than he had appeared at first glance. Possibly, he was in his late forties, at least twice Jeff's age.

"The Carlyle Run is basically a straight line," Kenneth went on. "It's famous for being one of the straightest and longest runs in the country, isn't it? It should take little maneuvering to get the copter up to the top, even in the fog."

"The wind... is gusting!" Daryl said, carefully enunciating each word.

"The snow is falling. The fog has brought visibility down to a virtual zero."

"I'll be willing to pay for your services," Kenneth said. "That, of course, must certainly have gone without saying."

Daryl was getting perturbed.

Jeff seemed amused. He was apparently well used to! Kenneth's perseverance.

"How much do you think it would be worth to waste your life, your friend's life, and my life, not to mention risking a very expensive piece of machinery?" Daryl asked, trying for high sarcasm.

All Kenneth Teller did was shrug.

"If it's one thing I have plenty of, it's money," he said. "So, why don't you quote what you think would be a suitable figure?"

"I have no intentions of risking my life so you can go skiing down some Goddamn mountainside in a blizzard!" Daryl said. "If I could safely get the copter off the ground, I would certainly be out looking for those poor suckers caught out in that storm without a lodge to keep warm in."

Kenneth quoted a monetary figure that made Daryl lower his milk glass without bothering to take a scheduled swallow.

"As I said," Kenneth said, "money is something there is no shortage of in my family."

"He might even throw in a blow-job as a bonus," Jeff added, which brought him a surprised and obviously chastising glance from his lover.

"Oh, for Christ's sake, Ken, relax!" Jeff said, laughing. He had a decidedly pleasant laugh that excited at a sexily low timbre. "Daryl here knows the score."

"I wasn't aware the two of you were even acquainted prior to this moment," Kenneth said. His curiosity was showing.

"We met earlier today," Jeff said. "While you were having your lunch, as a matter of fact."

"Is Mr. Mason the stud with the big cock from the downstairs can?"

Kenneth queried, turning his glance back to Daryl with renewed interest.

Daryl was more than a little embarrassed. He could have hoped what he and Jeff had done in the can wouldn't have become an open subject of conversation between the younger man and his...

But Daryl really didn't know they were lovers. Karen had said they were.

Maybe they were father and son. They certainly had the same coloring: blond hair, blue eyes. Except they didn't have the same last name.

"If that's the case, I would be more than willing to throw in a blow-job as a bonus," Kenneth said finally. "Even with the risk I would be running of having to come up to Jeff's performance for fear of any later comparisons of my ride over your fat cock. Jeff is quite the expert at blowing cock, wouldn't you agree?"

If Daryl had been looking for any sarcasm from Kenneth Teller, he wasn't getting any. The man sounded nothing at all like a jealous lover.

Still, for reason, Daryl seemed to find the present line of conversation more than a bit disconcerting.

"Your offer is certainly generous," Daryl said.

"But..." Jeff added.

Daryl wondered just what Jeff was thinking about Kenneth's madman scheme to fly up the mountain. Surely, the attractive young man knew his friend was proposing an action that was potentially dangerous for all three of them.

"I enjoy living," Daryl finished.

"We all enjoy living, Mr. Mason," Kenneth said. "But what fun is the living if we always play it safe?"

Daryl kept recalling the dollar figure Kenneth Teller had quoted. He just couldn't, believe the man was serious.

"What about you?" Daryl asked, turning his attention to Jeff. "What do you have to say about all of this?"

"I, like your helicopter, am merely a commodity," Jeff said, putting his relationship to Kenneth in black-and-white terms. "Offered suitable compensation, I can be persuaded to do most anything. Even fly up a mountain and come skiing down in a snowstorm."

"If anything happened to either one of you on the way, down, even if I did get you up there, it could mean curtains," Daryl reminded, wondering why he was bothering. He had the funny feeling he could talk until he was blue in the face and never change Kenneth's determination to go.

"We're both excellent skiers," Kenneth said. "Jeff was even on the U.S. Olympic team."

Jeff MacClaine. Daryl tried to place the name. He couldn't. But the American ski team was usually never in the forefront of international competition. Which didn't mean Jeff wasn't a competent skier.

"If it'll make you feel better, we'll pay in advance and sign whatever kind of release forms that will be necessary to clear you of any responsibility for our game-playing."

Daryl couldn't believe he was actually considering doing what Kenneth was asking. Unlike Jeff, he had never considered himself for sale. Possibly because, until now, no one had ever come up with a big enough offer.

"You've suddenly become tempted," Kenneth said perceptively.

"When the wind stops, it never does so for very long at a time," Daryl said. "Certainly, it doesn't stop long enough for all of us to get out, load up, start

up, and take off."

"Then, we must load up beforehand," Kenneth said. "We can even sit around in the helicopter waiting for the opportune moment to arrive, can't we? I certainly can't think of much of anything else to do around here at the present. Can you? I mean, how many trips a day can any of us make to the can to get our cocks sucked off? Right?"

"You'll have to pay for someone to stand around waiting to release the mooring cables when I give the signal," Daryl said, wondering if he were becoming as much a hustler as Jeff was. Although given the right price, he could think of very, few people who wouldn't have at least been tempted.

An hour later, actually airborne, Daryl was seriously beginning to think he had made one very big mistake.

The wind, which had obliged by fading away to nothing for takeoff, came back with a vengeance that almost ripped the control stick from Daryl's experienced grip. The helicopter, as a result, veered sharply toward the right and headed downward. The only thing which told Daryl he was heading suddenly for the ground (he certainly couldn't see it) was the swinging needle on the altimeter.

Not that Kenneth seemed to care. He actually looked as if he were thriving on this latest danger. But all he had to do was sit there. Daryl had to keep the damned copter in the air.

Daryl couldn't tell how Jeff was making it. Jeff was in the rear seat.

And Daryl had other things to do than to see if Jeff was turning green.

Although he somehow doubted Jeff would be any more fazed by all of this danger than Kenneth was. Jeff, after all, had been paid highly for his bravery. Considering what had been laid on Daryl for this piece of derring-do, Daryl had no doubt but that Jeff's money belt was presently bulging. It was only to be hoped the two lived to enjoy their windfalls.

Then, amazingly, the wind calmed again. The fog even thinned. The snow, of course, continued to fall just as hard as ever. Still, Daryl wasn't feeling quite as scared shitless as he had been a few seconds before.

Although the overdose of adrenaline certainly had his heart beating like sixty.

"That was a bit hairy there for a few seconds, wasn't it?" Kenneth said, sounding really not at all that concerned. "I'm glad to see we've turned ourselves over to a more than competent pilot."

And Daryl had just concluded he had put himself in the hands of a couple of certified lunatics.

"Now, about your bonus," Kenneth said.

"I beg your pardon?" Daryl replied, momentarily jerking his attention in Kenneth's direction. He knew what Kenneth had just said. He knew what it had implied. He just couldn't believe any of it.

"You surely haven't forgotten the promised bonus we talked about, have you?" Kenneth asked.

"Are you fucking crazy?" Daryl asked. Good God, they were flying through blizzard conditions that could at any moment turn on them and splatter them all over the mountain. And Kenneth Teller was talking about giving Daryl a blow-job!

"You think I'm crazy for wanting to wrap my lips around that cock of yours?" Kenneth asked with genuine amusement. "If that makes me crazy, I imagine you've run into plenty of crazy men in your lifetime. Right?"

"This is hardly the time to talk about sex. It's certainly not the time to do it."

"Why?" Kenneth wanted to know, putting his left hand on Daryl's leg, running it up the inside of his thigh toward the young man's bulged crotch.

"Ken, you are liable to get us all killed yet," Jeff said from the back, giving Daryl his first real indication that Jeff possibly wasn't as calm and cool as

he had been pretending.

"I think our pilot here is experienced enough to handle himself in most any situation," Kenneth answered.

His hand wandered all of the way to Daryl's crotch and found what it was looking for. His fingers kneaded the swollen ridge.

"Is that cock going hard?" Kenneth asked, flashing Daryl a smile that might have passed for amazement. "And a big cock it is, too, isn't it?"

Jeff said it was a monster. He was really quite impressed with this prick of yours. You did know that, didn't you, Mr. Mason?"

"If you want to risk my having my attention riveted to what's happening at my groin at a crucial moment when a gust of wind takes hold of us like a ping-pong ball in a wind tunnel, you just, keep up what you're doing, Mr. Teller."

Daryl really expected Jeff to say something more. But apparently Jeff had figured he had said quite enough already.

Kenneth showed no indication of turning loose of the plaything he had found bulging Daryl's pants.

"Jeff, you know, got all excited when he told me about how the two of you traded off sucking cock in that restroom," Kenneth said, his fingers obviously expert in teasing cock to erection. "He got so horny, I got so horny, he ended up throwing me over the bed and fucking the shit out of me. I must see that you and Jeffrey get turned loose together more often.

It really does so improve upon his sex. Which, I might add, needed very little improving upon in the first place."

Daryl was very tempted to tell Kenneth Teller to fuck off, except the man's hand did feel good massaging Daryl's cock to hardness. And the weather -- at least for the moment -- seemed far less turbulent than Daryl had expected it to be. However, as regarded the weather, Daryl reminded himself the

worst thing he could do was to become lulled into a false sense of complacency. A man who didn't pay close attention could quickly turn up being a dead man.

"Come on, Teller," Daryl pleaded. "Why don't we just concentrate on getting you up the mountain? There'll be plenty of time for us to have a little of this kind of fun and games after we get back to the lodge."

"Only one problem there," Kenneth said. His hand had shifted its position, but only as far as necessary to take hold of the tab that operated the zipper of Daryl's pants. "What if none of us make it back to the lodge? My God, what an opportunity lost!"

Leaning in Daryl's direction, he put his hand to the base of the zipper to aid him in getting the fly open with his other hand.

Daryl rationalized letting it all happen by telling himself he was liable to cause even more danger by trying to fight off Kenneth's advances.

Besides, there was no denying the fact that there was a certain excitement about the prospect of having sex here and now -- under these unique and adverse circumstances. Daryl wasn't sure just how to define that excitement, but he did suspect it had more to it than just the fact Kenneth Teller knew how to fondle another man's cock to erection.

"I once climbed the Matterhorn with a friend of mine," Kenneth said.

Having gotten Daryl's fly open, his fingers had found the opening of the young man's underwear crotch and was working in to make contact with bare flesh. "I sucked his cock off one night while we were hanging in slings over a three-thousand foot chasm. He said afterwards it was the best climax he had never had, even with the pitons popping out of the cliff around us."

Jeff made no comment. And Daryl had himself wondering if that friend of Kenneth's had been this one.

"There's something really sexy about danger," Kenneth said. His fingers found Daryl's cock and wrapped it in preparation for pulling it out of

concealment. "I've heard it said that's why so much raping occurs during wars. Men got so hot and horny surviving the dangers on the battlefields, they're simply sent into a virtual frenzy at the first sight of cunt. Not that cunt, mind you, is the only thing that gets fucked -- in war or otherwise."

"I hope you're not planning to have me rape you up here," Daryl said, grimacing slightly as the hardness of his cock prevented Kenneth from easily getting it out in the open. "I somehow doubt even I would risk fucking in this pea soup."

"You're not going to have to do anything but sit there," Kenneth said.

"Aside from flying this thing, I mean. I'll take care of everything else."

Daryl's stiff cock finally yielded to Kenneth's touch, popping out through the slash the open zipper had made in the crotch of Daryl's pants.

"Oh, my, yes!" Kenneth exclaimed in appreciation of what he could now see in its full splendor. "But I should have known it would be something special. Jeff, you know, has impeccable taste."

Jeff had no comment for that, either. If Daryl hadn't known better, he would have thought he and Kenneth were alone in the copter. The weather added to the sensation of isolation. The fog and the snow closed them in a snug cocoon of lust.

"Why don't we take a look at your balls while we're at it?" Kenneth suggested. His hand scooped inward along the base of Daryl's stiff cock, eventually able to heist Daryl's hairy scrotum out over the lip of the open fly. "And big balls they are, too, aren't they? 'Monster Balls' is what Jeff called them. Monster Balls filled with gallons... and gallons... and gallons... of creamy... good... cum, isn't that right, Jeff?"

"Coming from someone who has a pair of nuts as big as Jeff's are, I'll have to consider that one of the best compliments I've ever had," Daryl said once again telling himself that just because he was continuing to have an easy go at piloting the copter, that could change at any moment.

"Oh, but it is a compliment," Kenneth assured, "and a very well-deserved one at that."

He shifted on the seat, adjusting his shoulder harness and seat belt so he had adequate space to work in. He positioned his face over Daryl's crotch and over the prick jutting from Daryl's pants.

"You just pilot, pilot," Kenneth instructed, taking hold of Daryl's cock.

Daryl focused all of his concentration on flying the copter. He was flying almost entirely on instruments. Although the flight plan wasn't all that complicated in that the Carlyle Run ended at the lodge and progressed up the mountain in a wide line that ended on a broad shelf, actually topping one of the small mountains below the larger Bear Creek Mountain. As long as he paid attention, there was little chance of ramming the mountain on his own. The main danger, of course, continued to be the weather, which -- at least for the moment -- was being cooperative.

Kenneth stuck out his tongue. He lapped Daryl's cock-head as if he were a kid licking his favorite lollipop. He was excited, by the feel of the cock trembling first against his tongue and then against his pursed lips.

He tasted more of Daryl's gushing preseminal juices as his hand milked the pilot's cock in a gentle stroking, his tongue simultaneously lapping the resulting ooze. The liquid was slightly oily, slightly salty, hinting of the thicker stuff at that moment trapped inside those enormous balls tumbled over the lower edge of Daryl's open zipper.

Kenneth was good at eating cock, and he knew he was going to use his best efforts over this fat prick. He was turned on by the circumstances, by the danger, by Jeff silently watching from the back, by the way the helicopter trembled slightly all around him.

He delivered a slow and easy suck that dropped his mouth down over the pulpy cock-head.

Daryl shifted his ass on the seat, undeniably enjoying whatever it was that was happening to him. It wasn't just that he was getting his cock sucked. He

had had his cock sucked plenty of times before, and he had never felt... quite... this... way. He suspected, as Kenneth well knew, there was simply a cornucopia of eroticism to be milked from any situation that combined pleasure with danger.

His cock gave a responding jerk as he thought how Jeff was just behind him... silent... and watching the same cock he had loved now being sucked deeper... and deeper... and deeper... into Kenneth Teller's slowly widening mouth.

Kenneth's tongue curled to offer a slideway on which Daryl's cock could glide in deeply.

Tastebuds became covered with the richness of leaked preseminal juices.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!" Daryl groaned in appreciation, hardly conscious he was even making sounds.

He wanted to look down. He wanted to see Kenneth's handsome face...

swallowing... swallowing... swallowing. At the same time, he was reminding himself he had to keep, his eyes on the instruments.

Yet, there was no denying Daryl liked the feel of this mouth sucking his cock.

Jesus, did he enjoy it!

But he had always enjoyed getting his cock sucked. He had always enjoyed getting his butt fucked... and sucking... and fucking. That was why he was gay. Because it was so fun being gay. Because it felt so Goddamned good being gay.

Daryl's scrotum was contracting. It was growing thicker, hefting both of his balls upward. His nuts had already lifted to the point where they were no longer resting against the seat.

Kenneth, meanwhile, was enjoying the smells down around Daryl's groin.

They were slightly sweaty smells, but Kenneth was turned on by their definitely masculine quality. He greedily breathed them in, savoring that male perfume that was a more powerful stimulus to his senses than any snapped capsule of amyl nitrite had ever been.

He had reached the bottom of the cock and was thoroughly enjoying the moment. Even as he left his lips burrowed in the light-brown hair haloing the base of Daryl's swollen cock, he knew he would go farther than this.

Oh, not farther down, since there was no more cock he could swallow than those inches he already had. But there was more to a blow-job than just swallowing, even if swallowing had been no mean feat, considering the size and the length of Daryl's erect cock.

Kenneth began the drag of his pursed lips back up along the neck of Daryl's erection, realizing he really didn't have much time. It wasn't as if they were all walking up the mountain. They were in a helicopter, even if it did seem as if they were suspended within one of those small crystal globes that whirled snow whenever disturbed.

Jeff watched from the back, wondering how in the hell he had ever gotten mixed up with two men who were obviously out of their minds. Jesus, God... but he never thought for a moment that Daryl Mason would agree to the madness of taking them up the mountain, let alone let Kenneth suck on his cock once they were airborne.

On a second thought, Jeff did know why he was involved with Kenneth. It was simply a matter of money and good sex -- in that order. If Kenneth's sex was sometimes a bit kinky, it was almost always exciting. Even as dangerous as this blowing of Daryl's cock was, there was no way it wasn't erotically sexy -- in its own special, scary kind of way.

Jeff had a hard-on. It wasn't in his pants, either. Hadn't been there for quite sometime, as a matter of fact. He had unzipped his ski pants and had pulled it out even before Daryl's cock was jutting to freedom. He had started to beat on it even before Kenneth's mouth had sunk to the base of Daryl's stiff prick. Jeff, after all, had seen no reason why Kenneth and Daryl should have all of the fun. Besides, for all he knew, this might be the last time he

would be able to jack-off. Any second now, they could all be splattered all over the Goddamned mountain.

Kenneth's head was bouncing up and down... up and down... up and down...

Daryl continued to resist all urges to look down and watch the rhythmic bobbing of Kenneth's face of his prick. As tempted as he was, he had to remember where he was... who he was... what he was doing.

He was piloting a helicopter in a fucking freak blizzard, for Christ's sake!

Kenneth's cross-eyed viewing of the cock slipping in and out of his mouth made, the stiff meatiness of the cock seem even larger than it actually was. It appeared so large, in fact, it always seemed something of a miracle each time Kenneth was able to make the trip all of the way down to the musky smelling base.

Each bounce, too, took Kenneth's hungry mouth all of the way up to Daryl's fat cock-head after visiting his swollen balls. Kenneth's jaws ached, but it was a pleasurable ache.

"Eat it... eat it," Daryl mumbled, suddenly beyond the point where he wanted Kenneth to stop what he was doing.

Jeff, beating his cock and hearing Daryl's request, knew Daryl was well on his way to blasting his nuts. When Daryl did get around to blasting his wad, it seemed highly unlikely he would be up to paying much attention to anything else. At that moment of faded reality, there could come out of nowhere a sudden gust of wind to...

Jeff beat his stiff prick faster. He wanted his rocks off before Daryl blasted. Because Daryl's blasting was liable to be the last thing any of them was around to remember.

The pleasure was building for Daryl. Pleasure piling upon pleasure. His muscles were going taut. He was beginning to sweat. His eyes were dilating.

He fought for control.

He couldn't believe he had let it come this far. It was too late, though, to turn back. Jesus... was... it... too... late!

"That's the way, stud!" Daryl grunted. "Up. All of the way up. Down. All of the way down. Ah, yes... that's the way. Jesus... that... is... the... way."

There was wind, snow, and fog out there. The snow and the fog could be penetrated by using instruments which read the relationship of land to helicopter. The wind was benign at the moment, offering very little danger. Maybe the storm was even ending. God, knew it was past time.

There shouldn't have been a storm like this to begin with. Not at this time of year.

If the storm outside was ending (and there was still no certainty of that) then there was another storm building inside of Daryl. A storm that was hot where the storm outside was cold.

Heat: that was what Daryl was feeling in his guts. Heat that had soaked his body with sweat beneath his pants, his shirt, his coat. Heat that had beaded perspiration on his forehead to such an extent that the liquid was drooling into his eyes... stinging.

It wouldn't be long now before Kenneth had a mouthful of Daryl's cum.

Jeff could tell and beat his cock faster... faster... faster. It wasn't going to be long for Jeff, either. Not long at all.

"Jesus... Jesus... Jesus," Daryl moaned, feeling the pleasurable ache in his guts proceed to knot his insides even tighter. His scrotum was yanked to the base of his cock. His balls, thick with sperm, were pulled almost into his belly.

Kenneth, keeping his sucking in high gear, fumbled hurriedly with the zipper of his ski pants. His experienced mouth, detecting the pulsations of

Daryl's cock, told him Daryl was ready to let go. Kenneth didn't want to miss the moment or the opportunity to get his own rocks off.

Jesus, yes, his cock was ready! It was hard. It was straining. It was oozing preseminal juices. It was primed.

He found its stiff meatiness inside of his pants. He tugged it out with little formality. He quickly began beating it, not even bothering to pull his balls out.

"Jesus, fucking God... take it!" Daryl grunted frantically.

He lifted his ass up off the seat, assuring that his cock was shoved as far as it could possibly go into Kenneth's skillfully sucking face.

"Jesus... Jesus... Jesus!" he bellowed.

His cock began squirting so much sperm even Kenneth was hard-pressed to swallow all of the profuse load being blasted into his face.

Much of the white stuff backed up around Daryl's plugging cock, threatening to drool from the corners of Kenneth's mouth like foam from the jowls of a rabid dog.

Jeff's cock had erupted seconds before Daryl's cock had let go. Although Jeff had managed an orgasm so less verbal that it had passed entirely unnoticed.

His hand was webbed with the cum his whipping fingers had managed to catch and smear.

The back of the seat in front of him was splattered with evidence of those first forceful wads of cream which had excited the pulsing mouth of his beaten cock. He would leave the mess as a memento of the occasion. If Daryl decided to clean it up, then that was surely little effort for what he was being paid for this little mission the mountain.

That was, of course, if they made it up the mountain. There was, after all, no guarantee they would. They weren't there yet. Nor could Jeff believe --

his own blackout over by the time Daryl's orgasm had begun --

Daryl was able to be too much aware of anything at that moment of climax except the fireworks going off inside his brain.

"Suck it... suck it... suck it!" Daryl grunted, his voice low and guttural.
"Jesus... Jesus... suck it!"

"Mmmmmmmuuunngg!" Kenneth moaned over the exploding cock inside his throat. As he did so, some of Daryl's cum leaked free, beading within the light-brown pubic hair bushed about the thick base of Daryl's spewing erection.

Kenneth groaned yet again, his fingers clamping like vises against the neck of his trembling hard-on.

"Chriiieesssst!" Kenneth squealed, the sound coming out after first being gargled through Daryl's soupy cum.

Kenneth's stiff prick erupted, sending out parabolas of spunk that were followed by, less forceful ejaculation.

"Aaaaggghhhh... aaaggghhhh... agggghhhh!" Kenneth grunted as his handhold on his erupting prick clamped and then unclamped... squeezed and then relaxed.

Daryl shook his head to clear it, shocked into realizing where he was.

He was in a helicopter, in a blizzard. That knowledge hit him with a force that left him even more breathless than had his orgasm.

His eyes nervously, glanced at the instrument panel. He was relieved to see that everything registered correctly.

It required a conscious effort on his part to ease some of the pressure his hand had been exerting in its hold of the control stick. His knuckles had actually blanched white.

Jeff handed Kenneth a handkerchief with which the latter proceeded to wipe up the mess his jettisoned sperm had made on his fingers. He milked his cock and wiped up that resulting slime, too. When finished, he dropped the wadded ball of cum-soaked material on the floor: one more cleanup Daryl would be required to do for the payment received.

His cock and hand clean, Kenneth stuffed his cock back into his ski pants and zipped up.

He went back to Daryl's cock, using his tongue for wiping up whatever little mess that remained from the fairly good job he had done prior to his pulling away a few minutes before. Once that was taken care of, he stuffed Daryl's cock back through the open fly and closed the breach with the zipper.

They were all finished. They were all still alive. Their heads now cleared, after the passion, they could even appreciate their good fortune in having survived what possibly could have been lustful catastrophe.

"Land!" Kenneth said. It wasn't a command but an observation. He pointed.

The fog had partially cleared, at least in one broad swath across the top of a level area covered in white snow.

Daryl couldn't believe that particular stroke of good luck. He banked the helicopter and began to set her down.

More fog seemed to dissolve, disappearing in the flurry of blown snow that was sent flying by the rotors as the copter sat down.

"Well, Mr. Teller, you have made it up the mountain," Daryl said. He pointed toward a valley that was still filled with fog. "The lodge is that way, at the end of the white."

"And none of us is really any the worse for wear, are we?" Kenneth observed. "And at least two of us are far richer than we were before the ordeal, aren't we?"

Daryl found himself once again wondering how much Jeff had been paid to accompany them up the mountain.

"Well, Mr. Teller, thanks for the lift," Kenneth said. He shook Daryl's hand and then put on gloves.

Jeff, in the back, was already prepared, to vacate. Frankly, he figured the quicker he got out the better. A gust of wind could still blow the helicopter over, or tip it so its blades could become lethal weapons. He had once seen a motion picture where such an accident literally sliced a man in half.

Kenneth seemed to have similar thoughts. Anyway, he didn't prolong farewells. He opened the door and got out, quickly unfastening his and Jeff's skis while Jeff followed at his heels.

"See you at the lodge for hot toddies," Jeff said to Daryl just before stepping out into one small pocket of calm within a storm that was obviously still boiling in full force on several fronts not all that far away.

Daryl waited until they were both gone, skied to disappearance into the fog downhill, before he lifted the helicopter off the ground.

He banked for a return to the lodge and then changed his mind at the very last minute. He felt suddenly obligated, considering the apparent lull in the storm at this altitude, to take the relatively short hop to the Ski Patrol cabin on Bear Creek Mountain. Even if he couldn't land because of a return of adverse wind and weather conditions, he might still see smoke or other signs of life. It would relieve a good many minds to just know that someone had managed to get as far as the shelter, pretty much assuring their survival.

A fog-filled landscape dropped sharply, away beneath the veering copter.

In the distance, through flitting curtains of gray-white clouds, Daryl caught glimpses of the snow-covered slopes of the bigger and more rugged Bear Creek Mountain.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Mack and Talbot were in the combined sleeping bags, burrowed down within the warm cocoon of down-stuffed material, head to cock and cock to head.

They were completely covered in order to assure a preservation of body heat, reluctantly having decided to momentarily surrender certain voyeuristic opportunities in order to avoid. The flooding of cold air that came rushing into the small cabin each time Eddie opened the front door.

They were preparing for the door to open again shortly, because Eddie was outside, it being his turn to transfer to the cabin more wood from the protective shed out back.

Eddie had already made several trips, having announced on the last one that the break he had thought was occurring in the weather had apparently been only false hope.

"That patch of blue is quickly disappearing," he said, dropping wood and arranging it on the pile next to the fireplace.

"Jesus!" Talbot replied. His head was the deepest in the bags and he had just located Mack's hard cock and had been shifting into position to suck it.

"Thank God for the company," Mack said. He groped a successful feel of Talbot's balls and had a rough idea where Talbot's erect cock was waiting.

"You two had better save some of that bellywarming cum for me," Eddie said in parting, heading back for yet another load. "Or both of your asses are going to be grass, and I'm going to be the power lawn mower."

With, that threat, he opened the door and had exited amid another whooshing of cold air and large flakes of wet snow.

Eddie remained outside. Mack and Talbot were well positioned to get down to business without freezing their asses off in the process.

All in all, the three young men were pretty much adjusted to their being snowed in together for an indefinite time. None of the three would have argued that there was any better way to pass away forced confinement than in the company of horny studs. The snow outside and the fire inside also added a definite touch of romanticism.

"See you found it," Mack said, feeling Talbot's hot tongue lapping the head of his cock.

"I found it all right," Talbot groaned, his right hand milking Mack's cock while his tongue moved quickly to claim the resulting ooze, of preseminal juices.

Mack had pulled Talbot's cock into a position that would allow him an easy sliding down its thick neck when the whole cabin and ground beneath it gave a sudden shudder that transferred his attention elsewhere.

"What in the hell?" Talbot asked, having quickly forgotten Mack's cock to start his crawl back toward daylight.

Mack was already out of the bag by the time Talbot's head broke free. He had grabbed his pants from a nearby chair and had one leg in.

Talbot, too, came out of the bag, reaching for his clothes just about the time the door came swinging open.

"The damned thing crashed!" Eddie exclaimed, standing in the open doorway, snow blowing around him.

"What crashed?" Talbot asked, beating Mack to the punch. Although the cold air had goosebumped their flesh and had quickly softened their hard cocks, neither Mack nor Talbot seemed much concerned about Eddie's failure, to immediately shut the door.

"A helicopter," Eddie said, suddenly realizing he was subjecting his still half-naked companions to blizzard conditions. He kicked the door shut behind him, leaning against it until he heard the latch click. "I swear to God, it was a helicopter."

"Out in this weather?" Mack said. His pants on, he was pulling a shirt and sweater over his head. "It's no wonder the bastard crashed."

"I thought I was seeing things," Eddie admitted. "I just looked up, and there it was in a clear spot on the horizon."

"And, you saw it go down?" Mack asked, sitting down in a chair to put on his boots.

"I saw it veer sharply into a fog bank and felt and heard that God-awful shudder shortly thereafter. If it didn't go all of the way down, I would say it certainly gave off the right sound effects."

"You think you can find where it went down?" Mack asked. Having laced one boot, he was starting on the other.

"I only saw the thing for a few seconds," Eddie admitted, wondering if he did know exactly where the copter had gone down. Hell, the thing was flying and could have traveled quite a little distance during those seconds between Eddie losing track of it in the fog and its crash.

"We'll have to check for survivors," Mack said. Completely dressed, he reached for his coat. "An injured man couldn't last very long out in that mess."

Eddie was suddenly afraid he'd never be able to lead the way. Goddamn, he had only seen it for a second.

"Come on, Eddie," Mack said, taking the blond's arm and directing him back toward the door. "We'd better get in gear before nightfall brings even colder temperatures down on us."

"Hey, wait for me!" Talbot protested. The last one out of the sleeping bags, he still didn't have the boots laced.

"Someone has got to stay here and keep the home fires burning," Mack said. "When we get back, we'll want to be sure there's a warm room waiting for us."

He didn't wait for any argument. He opened the door, directing Eddie through it. He closed the door behind them, leaving Talbot with conflicting emotions. He was glad he was being allowed continued exposure to the warmth offered by the fire, while he was simultaneously disappointed with the idea of being left out of the rescue operations.

After all, Talbot did feel a certain personal responsibility toward whomever was out there since the chances were very good the helicopter had been scouting the region for survivors.

He added another log to the fireplace, tasting the flavors from Mack's cock that still lingered on his lips and tongue.

He went to the window, thinking to check on the progress of his companions. He could see very little outside. The trail made by Eddie and Mack, disappearing off into the fog, was quickly being disintegrated by the wind.

Talbot's sudden notion that both Mack and Eddie might end up lost out there wasn't much consolation. To get his mind off such pessimistic thoughts, he put on his coat, thinking to finish building the wood supply inside the cabin where Eddie had left off.

An hour later, the wood piled to a height that would safely last them through the night and into most of the next morning, Eddie was nervously pacing the room.

It had all happened so fucking fast. One minute he had been cozy and warm, licking a big cock that he had had hopes of soon sucking. The next minute, Mack and Eddie were gone, a helicopter probably having crashed.

Night was well on its way to falling.

He stopped in front of the window. Again, he saw nothing out there which could be in the least bit a consolation. It looked shitty as all hell. It looked deathly cold. It looked as murky as anything found in a pea-soup can. It definitely didn't look as if anyone was going to survive for very long. Not

Eddie or Mack. Certainly not anyone who might have been injured in the crash of an aircraft.

"How many hundred miles away did that helicopter crash?" Talbot asked aloud. At the same time, he realized the hour which had passed since his companions had left was hardly any great length of time, considering the accompanying circumstances. To begin with, progress had to be slow.

Visibility was close to zero. The wind was blowing like crazy. The storm must have dumped four feet of snow since it had first begun, snow that had most likely, drifted to even deeper depths. Secondly, it was hardly likely Eddie would be able to walk them directly to the crash site.

Actually, Talbot could feel for Eddie, knowing how the handsome blond would feel if he couldn't locate the downed aircraft. Eddie would feel guilty as all hell that he hadn't been more observant during the crucial moments. He would feel that way even with Mack's assurances that he couldn't really have been expected to pinpoint a crashed helicopter in a snowstorm.

Talbot took up pacing again. He didn't like being left behind. He didn't like being relegated to the position of feeding wood to the fire. He felt guilty that he was there, warm and safe, while Eddie and Mack were out there, possibly freezing to death.

Two hours later, became awake, embarrassed as all hell that he had been dozing by the fire. For the life of him he couldn't figure out how he could have gone to sleep. At first, he thought he had possibly been awakened by the arrival of Eddie and Mack back at the cabin. He soon discovered, however, he was still alone. The only sounds were those which had been there when he had dropped off: crackling fire, blowing wind.

He was worried. It was now dark outside. It was getting darker. Which meant it was cold and getting colder.

"For Christ's sake, where are you guys?" he yelled into the shadows.

He piled more logs on the fire, waited until they burned down, checked his watch, piled on more wood, then put on his coat, gloves, and hat.

He wasn't going to just sit there on his fucking ass, doing nothing.

He left the cabin, immediately realizing how lucky he had been to be inside. The snow was deep. The fog, combined with the snow, made it almost impossible to see anything. The wind was biting cold.

He stopped and took stock of where in the hell he was, and where in the hell he was headed. It wasn't going to do anyone a hell of a lot of good if he headed off half-cocked and got himself lost and frozen to death in the bargain.

His watch had luminous dials, so there was no trouble seeing the time. He knew approximately how long he would have before the fire in the cabin burned down to the point of needing more wood. If he played his cards right, he could do a bit of reconnoitering and still make it back to the cabin before his ass froze.

He hadn't actually been expecting results so fast. Not really. So, he was surprised as all hell when he was shortly tripping, literally tripping, over Eddie, Mack, and the person they had obviously been dragging between them.

"Talbot? Thank God!" Mack exclaimed, the first to realize what had happened. "Where in the fuck is the cabin?"

Talbot wiped snow from his face, motioning back the way he had just come.

He looked in that direction, too, realizing -- with surprise -- that although the cabin was only a few yards at most in the distance, there was no present sign of it at all in the fog.

"Not far," Talbot said. He then turned his attention to Eddie whom he thought might very well be frozen to death in the snow. He remembered some country song about a guy riding through a blizzard and getting almost to his house before he froze to death. "Eddie?"

"Is still among the living," Eddie said. His voice was decidedly weak and more than, a little breathless. "Although, at the moment, that is decidedly

debatable."

"Let's get this poor sucker back to the cabin!" Mack said, referring to the man he and Eddie had been dragging. Actually, he was thinking as much of himself and Eddie at that point, as he was thinking of the pilot who had been unconscious and obviously, half-frozen by the time they had finally found what was left of the helicopter in a deep snowdrift.

"You did say it was close?" Eddie asked, in reference to the cabin. He struggled weakly to his feet. "You wouldn't shit an old buddy, would you?"

"Really. It's only a couple of yards away."

"Jesus, but I do hope so," Eddie said, automatically maneuvering to get a renewed hold on Daryl's body.

Daryl had been deadweight since they had hefted him out of the wreckage.

Eddie hoped to hell the pilot wasn't dead. What a waste it would have been to have lugged a dead man all of that way. He took consolation in that Daryl's body was still limber. Corpses got stiff.

Between the three of them, they got Daryl back to the cabin, arriving at the door at about the time Talbot was beginning to think the fire might have gone out.

"Goddamn, that feels good!" Eddie groaned, entering the cabin and getting the first feel of what little heat remained after the first blast of cold air had sucked most of the warmth away.

"Put him over by the fire," Mack instructed his companions, regarding Daryl's unconscious body.

They dropped him on the sleeping bags. Talbot immediately went back to shut the door. He returned to find Mack beginning to undress Daryl.

"Come on, you two, give me a hand," Mack instructed, pulling off Daryl's snow-clogged boots. "The quicker we get him stripped down and stuffed under the covers, the better off he's going to be."

"Hypothermia?" Talbot asked, moving quickly to give a hand. At the same time, he felt a little guilty in wanting to see this obviously handsome survivor stripped down to his cold, naked flesh.

"He's lost one hell of a lot of heat," Mack said, at work over Daryl's belt buckle.

"Haven't we all?" Eddie commented, finding his fingers so numb that he could hardly use them to help.

"Does he have any bad injuries?" Talbot asked.

Daryl's pants were off, revealing a pair of longjohns with a crotch excitingly bulged -- even though the cock beneath the material was obviously flaccid.

"I don't know if he's got broken bones or not," Mack confessed. He stripped down Daryl's underwear bottoms to reveal a cock just as impressive as it promised to be. Mack was really impressed, but he didn't say so, figuring it was in extremely bad taste to do so, considering the circumstances.

"Well, gentlemen, say hello to the fourth big cock to join our party,"

Talbot said, not so apt to stand on formality.

"Think what fun it'll be once we thaw it and its owner out," Mack said, deciding it was a bit ludicrous pretending he hadn't noticed the size of Daryl's cock at all.

"I wish!" Eddie said, drawing down the sleeping bag zipper to open a space in which to insert the body.

"He is gay, you know," Mack said, pushing Daryl's malleable body into place and covering it up.

"You know him, then?" Talbot asked curiously. "Yeah, now that I've got him where I can see him. I couldn't be really certain until we got him here to the cabin. His name is Daryl Mason. He flies helicopter rescues out of the lodge. He also brings skiing parties up to virgin snow during the winter season. I blew his cock once in the downstairs toilet at the lodge."

"Where?" Talbot asked.

"You've been hiking here regularly and haven't discovered that place yet?"

"You bet your ass I'll soon be checking it out," Talbot said. Eddie was simultaneously making a similar resolution.

Mack, tucking Daryl in, remembered how he had stumbled onto the basement toilet that day, coming in just to piss but spending enough time to suck off Daryl's cock. He had felt guiltier than hell afterwards. Not because sucking cock was anything in itself that would have made him guilty. But he had been with Bob in those days, and every time he did anything with someone else, he had felt rotten afterwards.

Daryl surprised them all by groaning. It wasn't a very forceful noise, but it was noise nevertheless. Which was more than anyone had heard from him since they had yanked him out of the wreckage.

"Mason, you okay, bastard?" Mack asked. He was down on his hands and knees, his right ear pressed close to Daryl's lips. "Mason?"

"I'm cold," Daryl answered weakly, his body shivering to emphasize the point. "I am so fucking... fucking... cold."

"I'll put some more wood on the fire," Talbot said.

"He's going to need more heat than any fire is going to give him," Mack said.

He got up, took off his coat and threw it to a nearby chair. He began to undress.

"Come on, fuckers!" he said. "It's time we all went to bed. You're going to be generous and share your body heat."

"Gladly," Talbot said. "As a matter of fact, I'll be more than happy to share more than just my body heat with Mr. Mason."

"Don't you think it would be a little fairer to wait until he's recovered enough to say yes or no?"

"We'll see," Talbot said, beginning to undress. Although he knew he wasn't about to force his attentions on some poor sucker who couldn't even put up any protest (rape, after all, wasn't Talbot's bag) he could feel his cock going hard anyway.

For that matter, Talbot's cock wasn't the only one going stiff as a board. Out at the four cocks presently in the cabin, three of them were well on their way to total erection by the time all four men were snuggled together in the linked sleeping bags.

Covered in a cocoon of arms and legs, wrapped by sensuously warm male flesh and muscle, Daryl began to thaw. The sensation of warmth began somewhere deep within his frozen body and began a slow expansion.

Daryl still didn't know where he was, or how he had gotten there. He remembered nothing but the crash. And since that had happened so suddenly, he actually remembered very little. He had been unconscious during the whole grueling trek back to the cabin.

He had sudden visions and sensations that were vaguely reminiscent of the few thoroughly sexy wet dreams he had had in his life. Which had him admittedly confident that freezing to death certainly was the way to go if it was always accompanied by such erotic hallucinations. That he was in the process of freezing to death, he was almost sure. Even the fact he was warming only seemed to enforce the illusion -- since he had always heard that just before a person froze solid he got all warm and toasty.

"Goddamn, does this sexy bastard have an ounce of fat on him anywhere?"

Talbot asked with genuine appreciation of Daryl's body against his. "If he does, I sure as hell can't find it."

"That happens to be my ass you're fondling," Mack said with a low chuckle. Although it wasn't really his ass at all. And what's more, Talbot knew it.

"How long do you think it's going to take us to get this stud operative?"

Talbot asked. His cock was hard. Jesus, but it was hard.

"Maybe you had better let me take care of that cock of yours, if it's giving you problems," Mack suggested. "I'd hate to have Mr. Mason, after what he has already been forced to go through, wake up with the additional trauma of being raped by an uninvited eleven inches of erection."

"You think I'm not going to take you up on your offer?" Talbot asked.

"I think you're going to take me up on it, that's what I think," Mack said with a grin. "Right?"

"Right!"

"Sweet Jesus!" Eddie moaned in mock disbelief. "At least this poor man might benefit somewhat from the additional heat you two rutting studs are apt to conjure during your screwing."

"Exactly," Talbot agreed.

Actually, Talbot was pretty well situated for putting his and Mack's plan to into operation. As he had been lying facing Daryl, he now rolled his back to him. Mack, whose body had been cupping Talbot's body, rolled to present his hard butt to Talbot's hard cock.

"You, Eddie, do try to control your own passions," Talbot said, turning his head momentarily back over his shoulder, "At least until one of us, can get to you. Mr. Mason here isn't able to fight back, remember?"

"Unlike some people I know, I think I have enough control to hold out,"

Eddie said, shaking his head in amusement. Which was, admittedly, easier said than done -- since Daryl Mason was one sexy stud (frozen or unfrozen) and Eddie, his belly and crotch spooning Daryl's ass and back, did have one hell of a hard cock.

"And if Eddie gets too horny hearing the two of us, he can always join in," Mack suggested, nudging his ass back over Talbot's hard cock. He could feel Talbot's wet preseminal leakage along his asscheeks.

"I hardly think we'll be doing Mr. Mason much good if all three pieces of bread move to one side of the lunch meat," Eddie commented.

"I do like your analogy," Mack said, punctuating with a groan as Talbot's cock-head not only positioned itself at Mack's pucker but pushed through it.

"You two carry on," Eddie said. "Don't mind us."

He snuggled up even closer to Daryl's hard and masculine body. The length of his long, hard cock rested its wide belly in the deep crevice formed by the meeting of Daryl's muscled asscheeks. He rested his cheek against Daryl's back. He glided his arms around Daryl's body, flattening his hands across abdominals which were scalloped in a decidedly washboarded design.

On the other side of Daryl, Mack and Talbot were fucking. Talbot's cock had already been fed up Mack's ass to Talbot's heavy balls and was on its way back out again.

Daryl knew they were fucking, too. Rather, in his half-thawed state, his imagined fantasy had two studs fucking. So real did Daryl find his supposed illusion, he thought he could actually hear the resulting grunts and groans. He thought he could actually feel the movement of one fucking stud's ass stirring against his crotch.

Yes, by God, Daryl was slowly but surely coming back to reality, even while believing the reality was pure, unadulterated fantasy.

"Oh, that does feel good," Mack groaned, enjoying the feel of the cock pumping up his asshole, enjoying the way Talbot's hand had glided over Mack's hip to give Mack a fist to fuck with his own steely erection.

Eddie's hand, in the meantime, was leisurely exploring Daryl's naked body: from abdominals, to pectorals, to muscled biceps and triceps. He was, of

course, more than tempted to reach down to feel the meatiness hung from Daryl's crotch, but he didn't give in to that temptation. There was something more than a little wrong in taking advantage of this situation. It would have been different if Daryl had been conscious enough to know what was happening. As it was, Eddie reminded himself how he would have felt being absolutely helpless and being mauled by a complete stranger.

On the other hand, Daryl had apparently had to qualms in temporarily loaning his body, or parts of it, to strangers in that basement latrine of the lodge.

Eddie's resolve to refrain from any quick transitions from concerned individual to rapist wasn't helped any by the fact that Daryl was beginning to move as he continued to warm. His back chafed Eddie's hardening nipples. His ass ground to drop Eddie's length of cock even more securely into the crack of Daryl's muscled buttocks.

Talbot and Mack fucked on.

Humping, Talbot drew most of his cock from Mack's clutching asshole. The drooling eye that centered his cock-head left behind a smearing of preseminal juices that wetted down the asshole for each reinsertion of the cock into the rectum. The lips of the asshole fell into the groove formed by the flaring of the corona.

Talbot's hips bucked, jabbing his cock back in the asshole to the point where his balls were mushrooming just outside the anal opening. Another pull, another ram, and the asshole was soaked with even more juices to wash its hugging walls.

"Oh, but that does send the heat coursing through this poor man's cold old bones," Mack announced with an accompanying low groan. "You just keep it up... buddy. You just keep screwing... screwing... screwing... as long as you possibly can."

Talbot had all intentions of doing just that. Because the fucking was warming Talbot's body as thoroughly as it was warming Mack. And if Mack

had been lately exposed more intensely to the elements, Talbot had still managed to become equally chilled to the bone.

The friction of hard cock sliding against asshole oozed heat into Mack's ass and into Talbot's cock. From there, the heat fanned outward, slowly filling areas previously numbed from the cold.

There was more heat being conjured by the steady masturbatory beat of Talbot's fisted fingers over Mack's solid cock.

Surrendering themselves to the spreading warmth, Talbot and Mack were quickly caught up totally in their fucking. If they were still aware that the mated sleeping bags were being shared by two other warm bodies, they really weren't all that concerned with Eddie or Daryl at that moment.

Except, they did know their building warmth could only be beneficial toward the continued thawing of Daryl's chilled body the more heat, as they correctly had it figured, the better.

Eddie worked the whole front of his body even closer against Daryl's back. His hands rubbed his muscled chest and belly, bringing more heat to Daryl's defrosting flesh.

"Jesssssus... Jesssssus!" Daryl groaned suddenly, emerging further and further from that land of ice and snow into which he had previously been relegated.

His fantasies seemed to be increasing, becoming more and more real. When he moved a hand forward, he could actually rest it on hard, warm flesh that was going sweaty from fucking.

His eyes were open. He blinked, hoping to clear the present picture. He was temporarily confused by the way flickering firelight was casting an intricate pattern of shadows on the walls and ceiling. It was hard for him to focus in on any possibility of fire when the last he remembered there had been nothing but a tidal wave of snow rising about him on the moment of impact.

He tried to clear his mind, remembering Kenneth and Jeff. However, he had let them off at the top of the Carlyle Run. After that, he had headed for Bear Creek Mountain. He had spotted smoke, had spotted the Ski Patrol cabin located two-thirds of the way up the mountain. He had even spotted a figure. Then, the weather had changed for the worst in literally less than a second, and that long overdue gusting of turbulence had arrived to whip the control stick from his fingers. The copter had gone down.

There was no place for a fireplace in that particular memory. Nor was there any place for two studs fucking in front of him, while another stud pressed sensuously against Daryl's back.

Daryl now had all of the pieces to the jigsaw, all except the one that explained his getting from the wreckage to the cabin. But he still couldn't quite put them all together to come up with a comprehensive picture.

Not that he really had much to complain about. Actually, his primary fear at the moment was that he might suddenly die before he could more completely become an active part of his obvious fantasy.

Goddamn, this all seemed so fucking real. If he hadn't known he was really tangled in the frosty metal wreckage, somewhere out in the snow, he would have thought he was snuggled up a sleeping bag with three flesh-and-blood studs, two of those studs fucking up a storm just inches away.

His worries about losing hold of his present state of mind diminished slightly as the whole erotic orgy-like quality of the scenario became more and more real as the seconds progressed.

His cock began swelling toward erection. "Are you guys for real?" Daryl asked. His voice seemed to come from far away. His lips were so chapped, it was difficult for him to speak.

"Thought you had died, did you?" Eddie asked, nuzzling his mouth up nearer to Daryl's right ear.

Mack and Talbot were suddenly so caught up in their rutting, they barely noticed Daryl's consciousness had progressed to the point where he was

conversing.

"Thought I had died and gone to heaven, as a matter of fact," Daryl answered, still not prepared to believe that he hadn't done just that.

"You're very much alive," Eddie said. "You just had a little accident with your helicopter, and we hauled you to the cabin on Bear Creek Mountain."

"Then, that is a hard cock I feel squeezed between my asscheeks?"

"I'm afraid I'm just not used to warming another male body without getting turned on by it."

"You're gay?"

"As are my two friends there, in case you hadn't guessed."

"I guessed."

"I could ask them to stop if they're bothering you."

Asking, of course was about all he could have done. He somehow doubted, and rightly so, that Mack and Talbot would stop, having reached the point where they now were. Daryl, well on his way to recovery, must have recognized as much, also.

"Asking won't do it. By the looks of it, neither would a bucket of ice water."

"Sounds as if you're beginning to feel a little better," Eddie said with a laugh.

"Well enough to get a hard-on."

"I wouldn't let Talbot hear that. He's the one, by the way, with his ass working back and forth in front of your crotch. He was so anxious to sit his ass down over your cock when he first saw it, we had to hold him down to keep him from it."

"I had a hard-on while I was unconscious?"

"No. And that's probably all that saved you."

"Too bad I wasn't conscious enough to oblige him."

"You're conscious now," Eddie said. He simultaneously pulled his right hand from its resting on Daryl's chest and dropped it over Talbot's shoulder. His fingers found Talbot's hard right nipple and pinched it.

"Eeeeeiiiiiii!" Talbot squealed as Eddie's pinching penetrated even through the pleasure.

Although, by that time, Talbot and Mack both realized Daryl had reached a coherent state.

"What do you say, Talbot?" Eddie asked, twisting the nipple harder to assure Talbot's attention didn't wander. "Game for a hard cock shoved up your asshole?"

"Fuck me!" Talbot grunted.

"Yeah, fuck him!" Mack echoed.

"You up to it, stud?" Eddie asked Daryl.

Daryl was up to it all right. Even he could be surprised at how the prospect of joining in could flood him with such a sense of renewed energy. Hell, he could hardly believe he had crash-landed at all.

"Here, let me help," Eddie said, knowing he would have jumped at any excuse to bring his hand from Talbot's nipple to Daryl's stiff cock.

"Jesus, you weren't shitting when you said your cock was hard, were you?"

"I really can't believe any of this is happening, you know?"

"Oh, it's happening," Eddie said. "Take my word for it."

His fingers quickly milked Daryl's cock for natural lubricant, smearing the result all along the length of the fat cock.

"You know, I could very easily get off in your hand" Daryl commented, thoroughly enjoying the expert work Eddie's fingers were performing.

"As much as I hate being modest, you will like Talbot's asshole better than my hand," Eddie whispered, aiding in the placement of Daryl's pulpy cock-head to Talbot's pucker.

The moment his cock began its ride into Talbot's asshole, Daryl knew Eddie had been right.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh, sweeeet, Jessssssus!" Daryl grunted in herald of the speedy penetration of his cock up Talbot's asshole.

Mack took that his cue to buck his ass back into Talbot's cupping crotch, which in turn speared Talbot's ass completely over Daryl's sticking cock.

"Unnggghhhung!" Daryl grunted in his pleasure, for perhaps the very first time realizing he was definitely caught up in some marvelous wonder of reality that beat fantasy all to hell.

"Jesus... Jesus... Jesus!" Talbot chanted, finding himself tightly sandwiched between two hard and virile male bodies. He was stuck on hard cock, and he had his hard cock stuck up Mack's asshole. "Jesus... God...

what a way to go!"

Daryl had, by then, regained enough of his senses to know there was still a way remaining for him to personally milk even more pleasure out of the moment. Because, if Talbot was evidently spasming with the ecstasy of getting sex at both ends of his hunky body, Daryl still had one hole empty. Not that there wasn't anything handy to fuck up that asshole, because there was. By the mere feel of Eddie's cock resting along the crease of his ass. Daryl knew what he wanted shoved up his asshole.

He dropped a hand back between his ass and Eddie's belly, reaffirming with his fingertips that Eddie was all hard muscle and firm flesh.

His hand found Eddie's hard cock, reaffirming that it had to be one of the biggest cocks Daryl had ever contemplated getting fucked up his tight asshole.

"I fuck your friend, who fucks his friend," Daryl said, turning his head back over his shoulder to address Eddie. "Now, you fuck me."

"Make a fucking daisy-chain!" Mack bellowed. At the same time, his stiff cock was being fucked up Talbot's masturbating fist.

Eddie didn't want to remain out of the party. He pulled back his hips, allowing his cock to be positioned by Daryl's fingers to a spot that had his cock-head nudged against Daryl's awaiting pucker.

"Fuck me!" Daryl commanded. "Fuck that luscious hunk of male cock up my tight asshole!"

Eddie's hips came swinging forward, plugging his cock to its halfway point up the asshole in one tremendous slide.

"Eeeeeiiii!" Daryl squealed like a stuck pig, wondering if he had let himself in for more than he had bargained for, simultaneously knowing, he hadn't. Granted, Eddie's cock was a big one. But already Daryl's asshole was adjusting to what it had been fed and was preparing for what it was yet going to be fed.

"Yes... yes... yes!" Daryl groaned, his squirmings stirring his cock up Talbot's ass while working his asshole deeper still over Eddie's fat erection.

"Take it!" Eddie grunted, bucking to bury the very last of his hard cock up Daryl's clutching asshole. His pelvis slapped to a firm cupping of Daryl's muscled buttocks.

The chain of pleasure was complete: cock in asshole, cock in asshole, cock in asshole, cock in hand. The ecstasy rippled in long, undulating waves that traveled back and forth along the living links of the chain.

As they began slowly adjusting so that their cocks could simultaneously move to fuck assholes, increasing still more the pleasures to which they were being subjected, a holocaust began to flame inside each and every one of them, burning its trail from crotches to guts, toward an eventual exploding within their very brains.

Their cum wouldn't put out the flames with its blasting, either. Hell, no! The sperm would act more like gasoline than water, making all four young men erupt with a conflagration which threatened to consume them all.

Meanwhile, outside, the wind was dying, the fog was dissolving, and the snow only fell in sporadic flakes.

What snow there was on the ground would, with the morning, begin to melt amid temperatures which were more normal for the area at that time of year.

The freak blizzard had finally blown itself out.

THE END